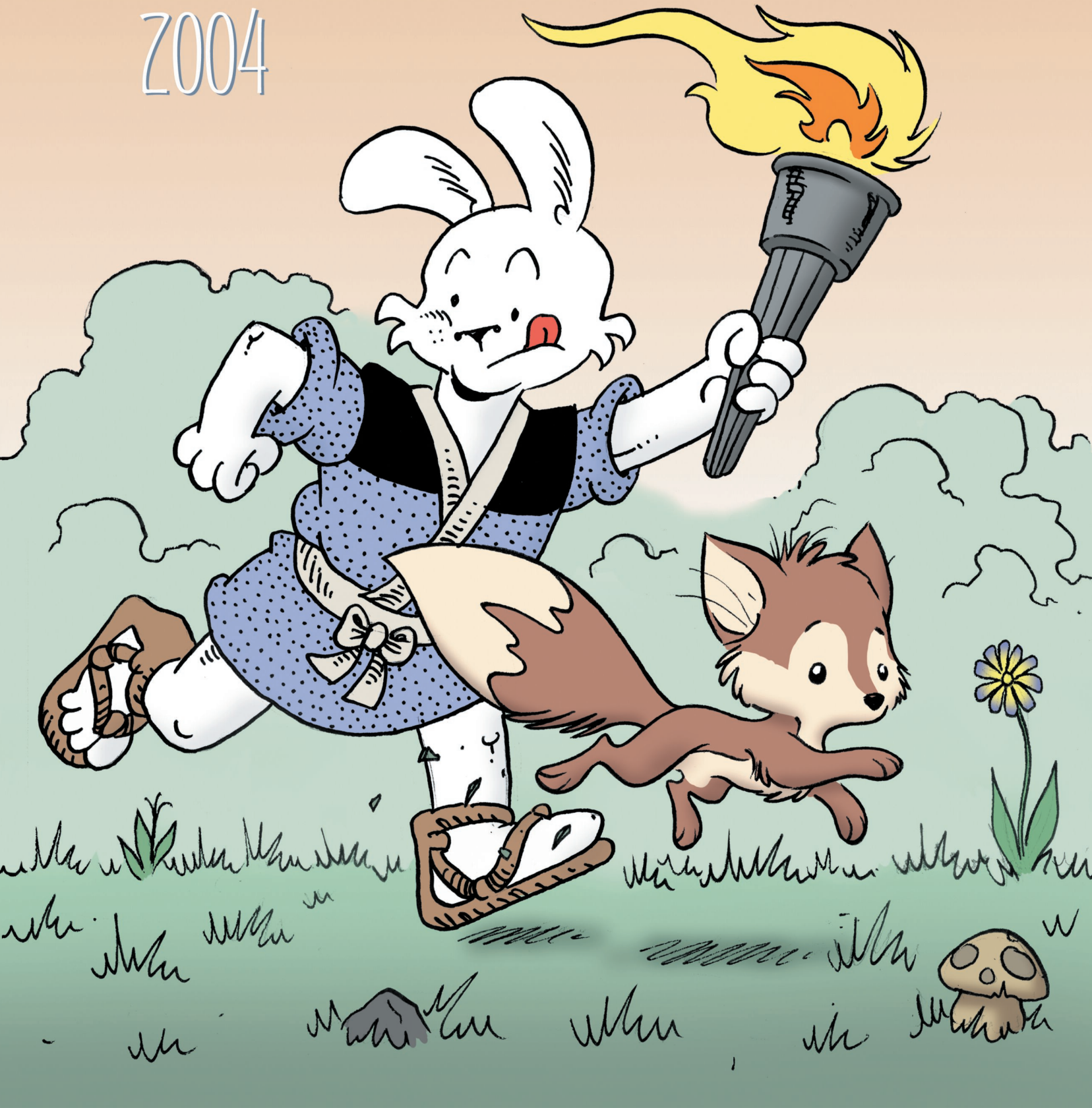
# ANTHROCON

2004



# *Anthrocon 2004 Welcomes You!*

© 2004 Derrick Dasenbrock

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# Message from the Chairman

Photo by Roy Chen

On behalf of the board of directors of Anthrocon, Inc., I would like to welcome you to the Summer Games of Anthrocon 2004. I would also like to extend our heartfelt gratitude to our hard-working staff and volunteers. They are the ones who are truly responsible for making Anthrocon the largest anthropomorphics convention in the world. We have doubled our membership since Anthrocon 2000 thanks to their dedication and willingness to go work so far above and beyond the call of duty.

Anthropomorphics and sports go hand-in-hand in today's society. What sports team does not have a mascot to cheer them on from the sidelines and to rally the spirit of the fans? Some of them, such as Crunch the Timberwolf, the San Diego Chicken and the Philly Phanatic, have developed their own following even outside of the sporting community. Against the backdrop of the Olympic Games soon to commence in Athens, it is only appropriate for us to offer a salute to furries in the world of sports. In our Summer Games, cheetahs prepare themselves at the starting line, lions limber up for the weight lifting competition and kangaroos vie for the gold medal in the long jump.

Anthrocon 2004 is proud to welcome as its honored guests two world-renowned artists: Michel Gagné, whose credits include the films *All Dogs Go To Heaven* and *An American Tail* and the comics *Zed* and *The Towers of Numar*; and comic legend Stan Sakai, creator of the award-winning *Usagi Yojimbo*. Usagi is celebrating his 20th anniversary with us this year, having come a long way since his humble beginnings in *Albedo*, itself one of the premiere "furry" comics of its day.

We are also very excited to present our newly-designed layout. By rearranging nearly all of our major functions we have been able to offer more dealer space than ever (ours is the largest dealers' room in this fandom), an expanded art show, more seats in Artists' Alley, and even a proper green room for our venerable fursuiters, all without sacrificing vital programming space.

And now...let the games begin!

© 2004 John Nunnemacher (http://www.griffinpark.com/seriousfitness/)

# Message from Programming

Programming is something of a tag team effort this year, due to some RL stickiness. And what a team it is, folks! They're *both* experienced programming directors! On the one side, in the doe ears and tail, standing at nearly 6 feet tall, Susan Rankin, artist and author of *A Doemain of Our Own*! And immediately to her right, with the sweet puppy eyes and happy disposition, John Cole, MegaPlex director of programming and Give Kids the World do-gooder! These two should be quite a pair, folks! Look for Sue to be mainly in Con Ops and John to be roving about, but either one should be able to answer your programming questions!

# Guide to Nearby Food and Services

**FOOD:**
(sd) = Primarily a sit-down restaurant,
(ff) = Primarily fast food/takeout, some seating available,
(cs) = Convenience store, (su) = Supermarket

**In the Adams Mark:**
The Marker (sd)
Appleby's (sd)

**In the Holiday Inn:**
The Glass Tree Restaurant (sd)
Remy's Lounge (sd)

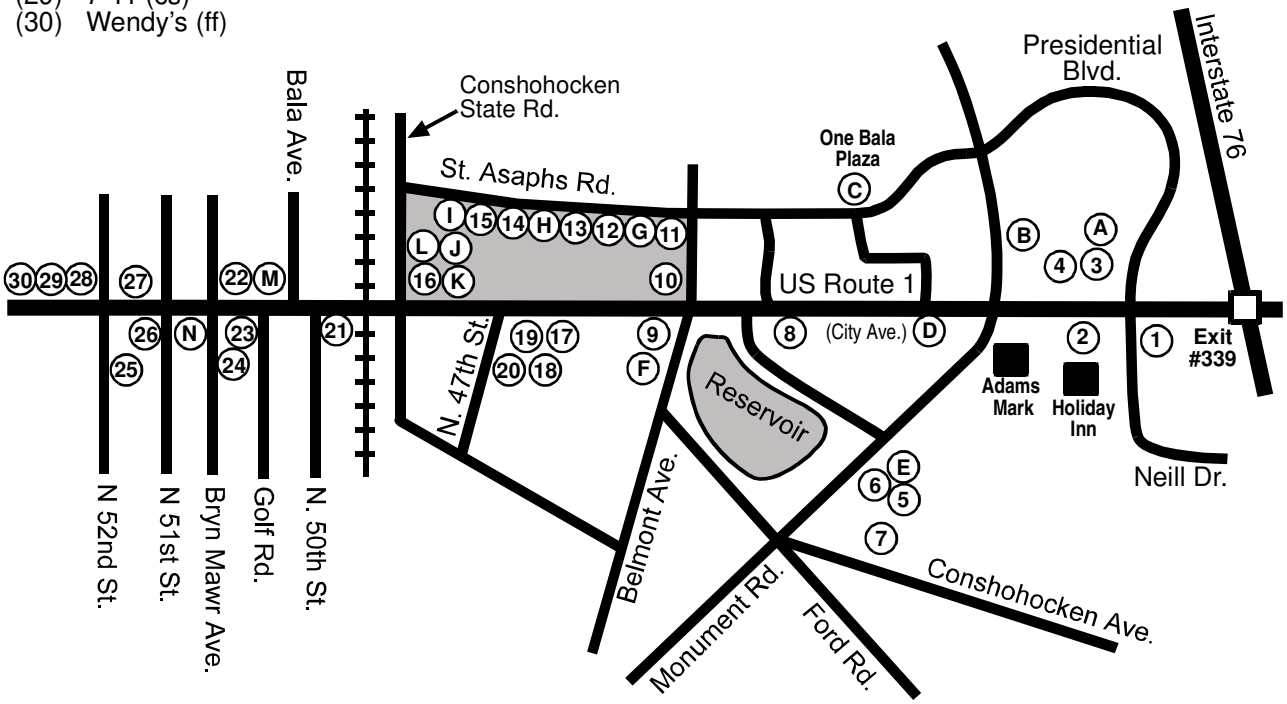
**In the local area:**
(1) O'Hare's (sd)
(2) TGI Friday's (sd)
(3) Houlihan's (sd)
(4) Chops Restaurant and Bar (sd)
(5) Chun Hing (ff)
(6) Allegro Pizza (ff)
(7) Pathmark (su)
(8) Delmonico's (sd) (within Hilton)
(9) Circle K (cs)
(10) Chili's (sd)
(11) Acme Market (w/Starbucks inside!) (su)
(12) Szechuan Express (ff)
(13) Olive Garden (sd)
(14) Delancey St. Bagels (ff)
(15) Health Foods/Vegetarian Rest. (ff)
(16) A-Plus (cs)
(17) Salad Works (ff)
(18) Pizza Hut (ff)
(19) Taco Bell (ff)
(20) Boston Market (ff)
(21) Taipei & Tokyo (sd)
(22) Kentucky Fried Chicken (ff)
(23) McDonald's (ff)
(24) 7-11 (cs)
(25) Blimpie's (cs)
(26) Dunkin Donuts (ff)
(27) International House of Pancakes (sd)
(28) PA Wine & Spirits Store (cs)
(29) 7-11 (cs)
(30) Wendy's (ff)

**SERVICES:**
(A) First Trust Bank ATM
(B) Hudson United Bank ATM
(C) PNC Bank ATM
(D) Republic First Bank ATM
(E) Check Cashing
(F) Circle K ATM
(F) Kinko's (not 24-hour!)
(G) Citizen's Bank ATM (within Acme)
(H) First Union Bank ATM
(I) U.S. Mail Room (shipping center)
(J) First Trust Bank ATM
(K) Eckerd Drugs
(L) A-Plus ATM
(M) Citizen's Bank ATM
(N) Rite Aid Pharmacy

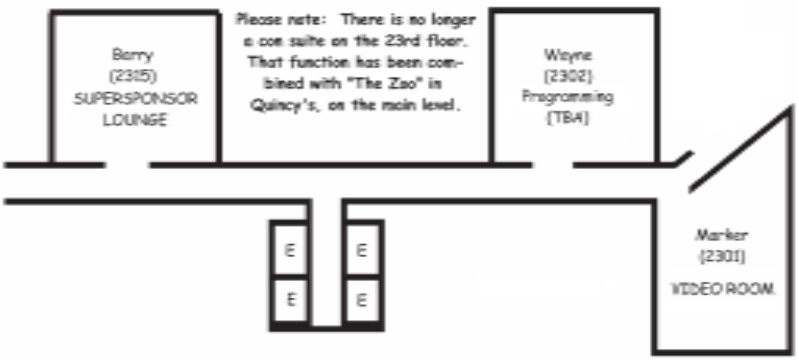
**Nearest Hospital:**
Lankenau Hospital
(610) 645-2000
Turn left out of the hotel. Travel on Route 1 South (City Ave.) for 2.7 miles. Turn right on Route 30 (E. Lancaster Ave.). The hospital is 1/4 mile on the left.

**Nearest Outback Steakhouse:**
322 Ridge Pike, Conshohocken
(610) 828-8931
Turn right out of the hotel. Travel on Route 1 North (City Ave.) for 1/4 mile. Turn left onto Interstate 76 West. Travel 7.3 miles to Interstate 476 North (Exit 331B). Travel northbound for 2.1 miles and take Exit #18A (West Ridge Pike, toward Conshohocken). Outback is 4/10 mile ahead on the left.

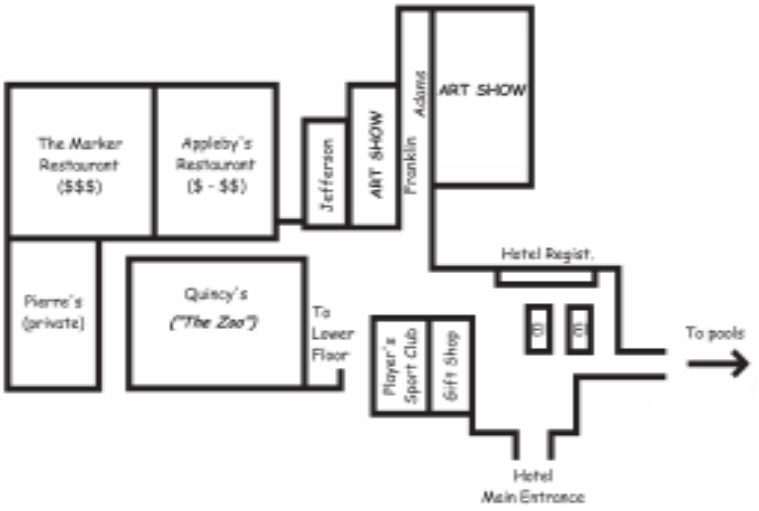
*As in any large American city, our members are reminded that it is a good idea, and much more fun, to travel in groups when walking outside of the hotel.*



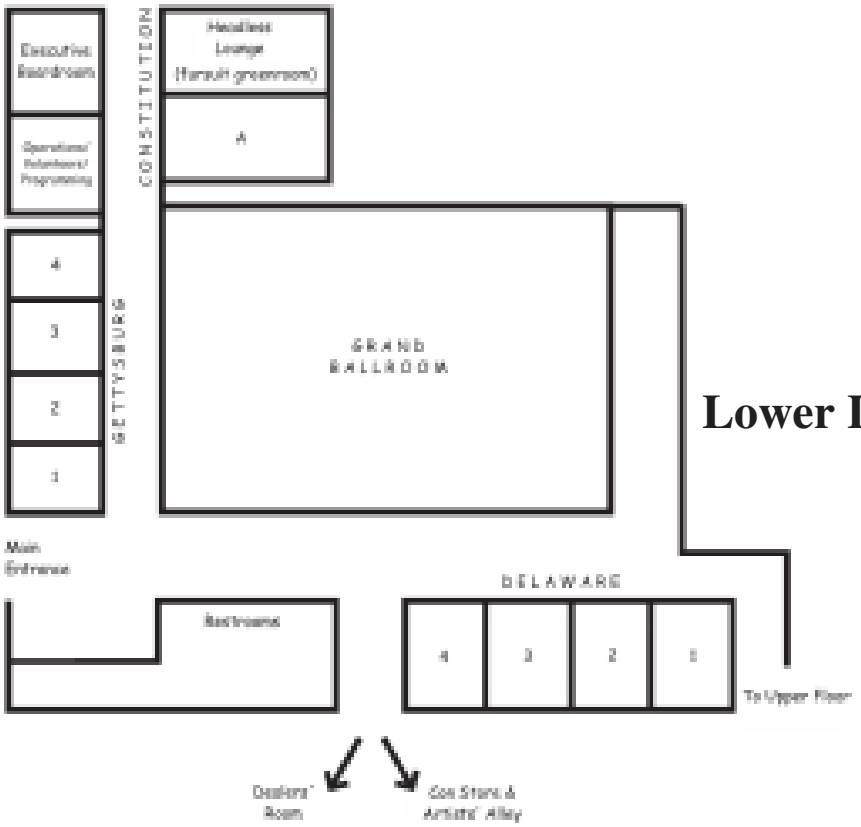
# Map of the Philadelphia Adam's Mark Hotel




## 23rd Floor




## Upper Lobby Level




## Lower Lobby Level

# Anthrocon 2004 General Schedule

**FRIDAY, JULY 9**

***OPENING CEREMONIES: 11 am***

**ART SHOW:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 10 am–7 pm | Artist check-in |
| 2 pm–7 pm | Art Show open to bidders |
| 9 pm–11 pm | Art Show Reception (invite only) |

**DEALERS' ROOM:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 9 am–12 pm | Dealer setup (dealers only) |
| 12 pm–5 pm | Dealers' room open |

**ARTISTS' ALLEY:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 7:30 am | Signup begins for table space |
| 11:30 am–12 pm | Artist check-in (artists only) |
| 12 pm–5 pm | Artists' Alley open |
| 5 pm–6 pm | Closeout (artists only) |

**SATURDAY, JULY 10**

**ART SHOW:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 10 am–7 pm | Art Show open to bidders |
| 10 am–12 pm | Artist check-in |
| 7 pm | Mature Art written bidding ends |
| 10:30 pm | Mature Art voice auction begins |

**DEALERS' ROOM:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 9 am–10 am | Dealer setup (dealers only) |
| 10 am–5 pm | Dealers' room open |

**ARTISTS' ALLEY:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 7:30 am | Signup begins for table space |
| 9:30 am–10 am | Artist check-in (artists only) |
| 10 am–5 pm | Artists' Alley open |
| 5 pm–6 pm | Closeout (artists only) |

**SUNDAY, JULY 11**

**ART SHOW:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 10 am–12 pm | General Art open to bidders |
| 12 pm | General Art written bidding ends |
| 1 pm | General Art voice auction begins |
| 1:30–5 pm | Sales, artist check-out |

**DEALERS' ROOM:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 9 am–10 am | Dealer setup (dealers only) |
| 10 am–4 pm | Dealers' room open |

**ARTISTS' ALLEY:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 7:30 am | Signup begins for table space |
| 9:30 am–10 am | Artist check-in (artists only) |
| 10 am–4 pm | Artists' Alley open |
| 4 pm–5 pm | Closeout (artists only) |

***CLOSING CEREMONIES: 5 pm***

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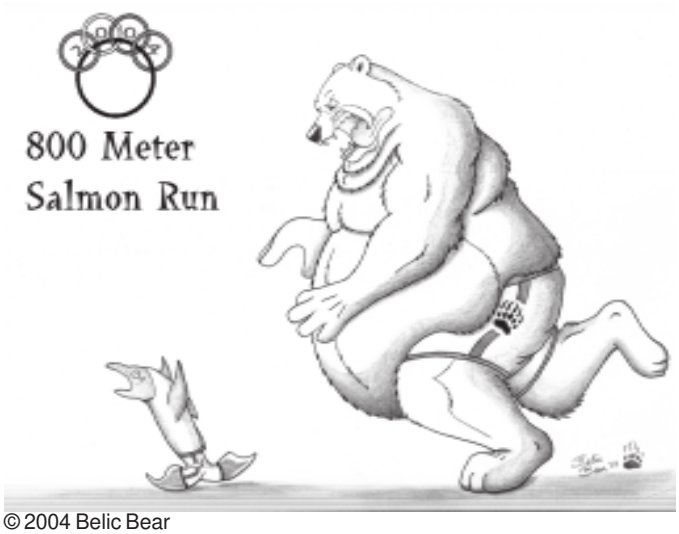


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# Dealers' Room Who's Who


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Alleycat Books ..... 33-34
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Art by Susan Van Camp ..... 38-39
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The Chakat's Den ..... 51
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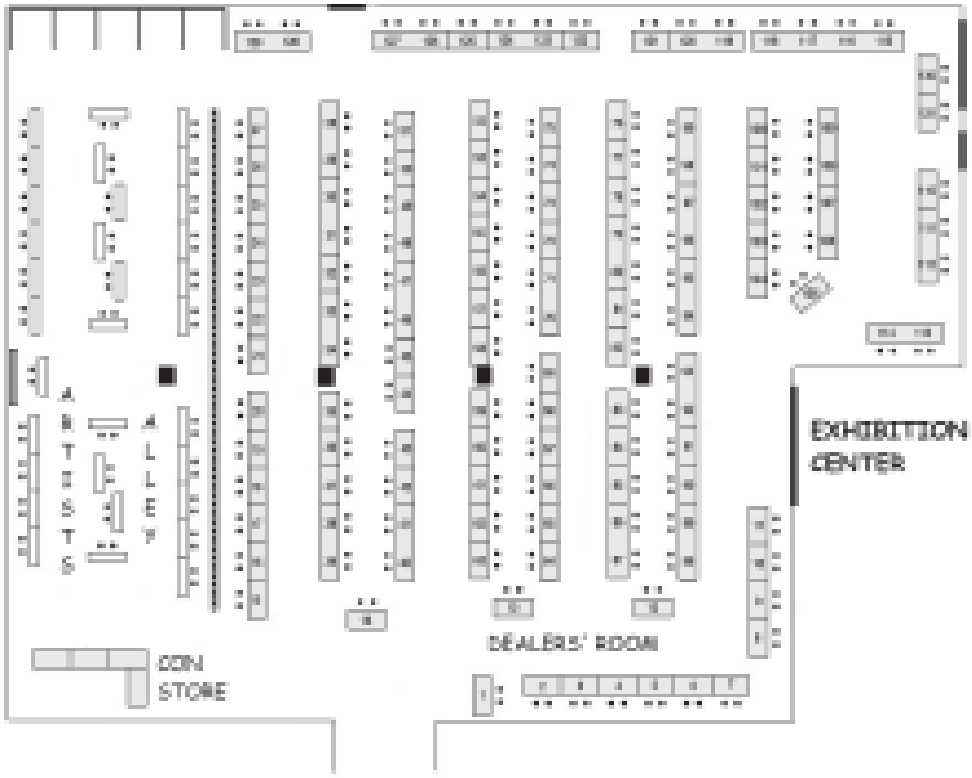
Michel Gagne' ..... 13
Frank Gembeck ..... 21



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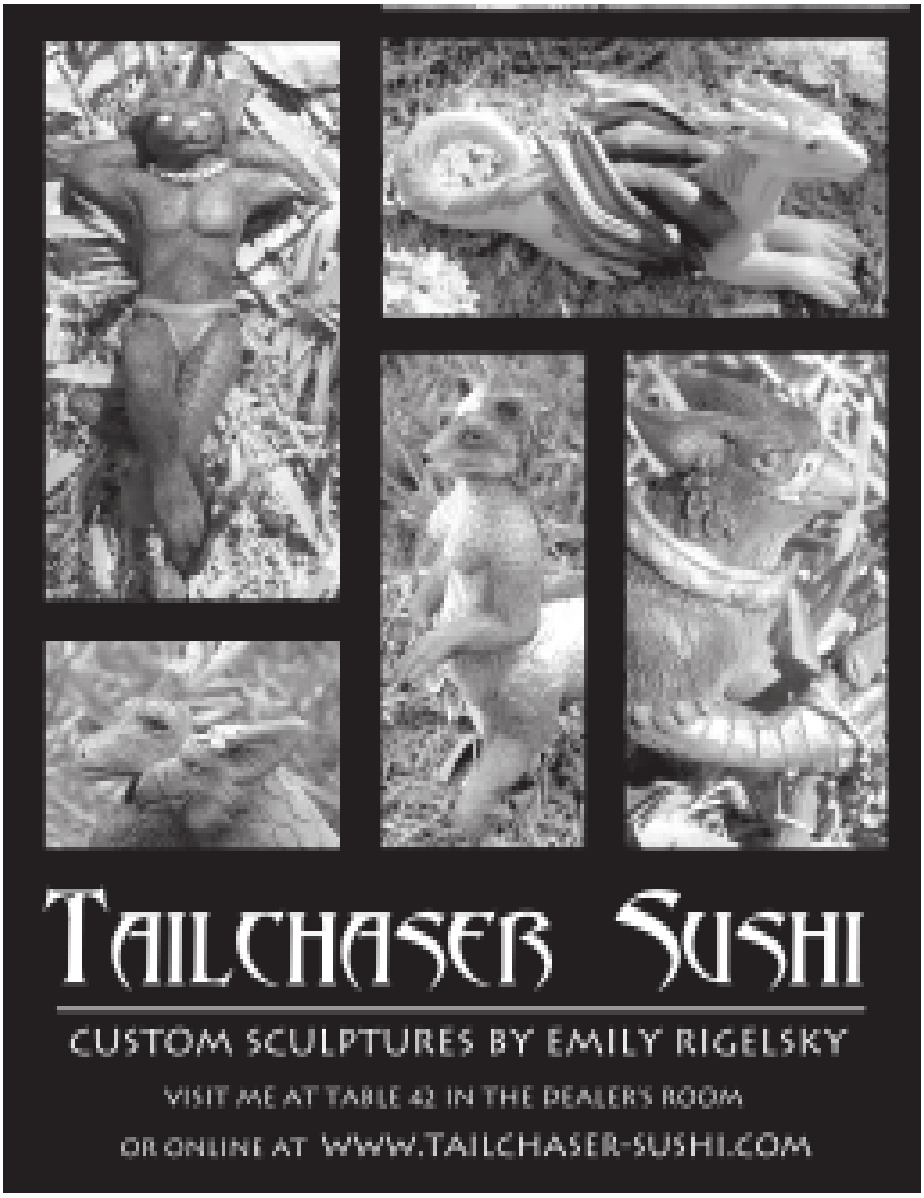
**Note: Dealer attendance and table location is subject to change without notice!**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VISIT ME AT TABLE 42 IN THE DEALER'S ROOM
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# Guest of Honor: Stan Sakai

Stan Sakai was born in Kyoto, Japan, but grew up in Hawaii and now lives in California with his wife, Sharon, and children, Hannah and Matthew. He received a Fine Arts degree from the University of Hawaii and did further studies at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California.

His creation, *Usagi Yojimbo*, is the story of a samurai rabbit living in a feudal Japan populated by anthropomorphic animals. He first appeared in *Albedo* Comics #2 in 1984, and since then, has been on television, toys, clothing, in comic books and in a series of trade paperback collections.

In 1991, Stan created *Space Usagi*, the adventures of a descendant of the original Usagi, dealing with the samurai in a futuristic setting. Stan is the letterer for Sergio Aragones' *Groo the Wanderer* and for the *Spider-Man* Sunday newspaper strips. He is the recipient of a number of awards, including a Parent's Choice Award, an Inkpot, multiple Eisners, two Spanish Haxturs, and an American Library Association Award. In 2003, he won the National Cartoonists Society Division Award for Comic Books.

© 2004 Stan Sakai

Stan is currently published by Dark Horse Comics and Fantagraphics Books. There are nineteen volumes of his collected work, all in print. The most recent, *Usagi Yojimbo Book 18: Journeys with Jotaro*, was published in June, 2004.

This year marks the 20th anniversary of the samurai bunny. Among upcoming projects are a large coffee-table book of *The Art of Usagi Yojimbo* published by Dark Horse, and appearances on the new *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* TV series.

Stan enjoys traveling, and has been exhibited internationally. He was in Norway as a guest of the Raptus International Comics Festival in Bergen. One of the highlights of that trip was partaking of the local cuisine such as the abundant seafood, moose, reindeer and even sheep's head.

# Summer Games

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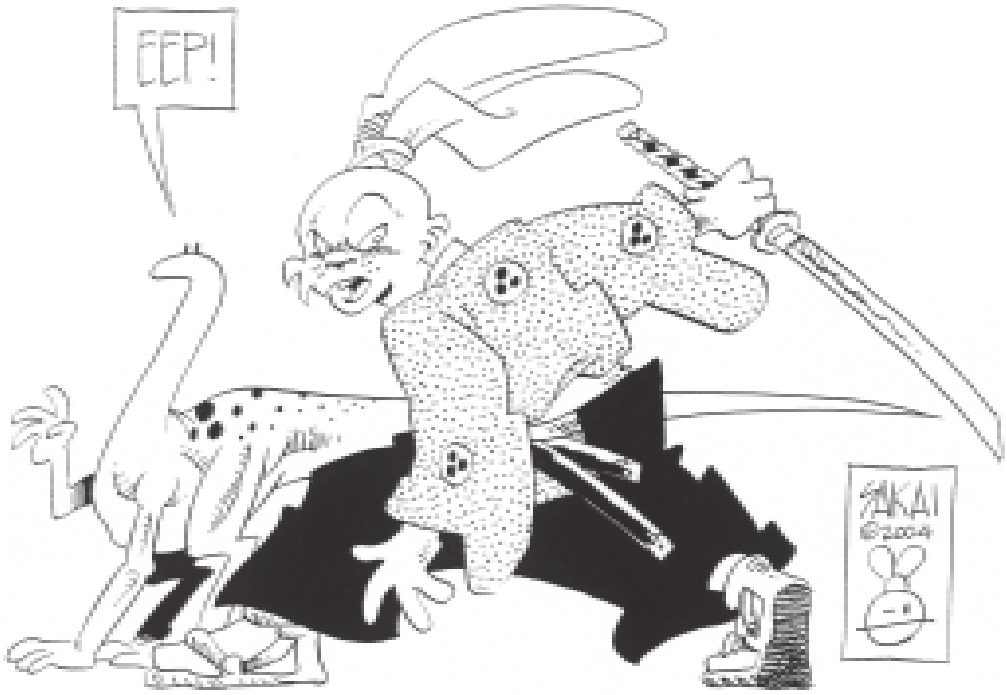


© 2004 Stan Sakai

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# Guest of Honor: Michel Gagné

I was born in 1965 in a small town called Roberval in the province of Québec.

I really believe that I was always meant to be an artist. For all I know, I was drawing in the womb. As far as I can remember, I was always doing creative stuff. I drew, sculpted and built weird contraptions. I remember my parents would always get pissed off at me because I wouldn't play with my brother. I'd rather sit at the table with papers and pencils and draw all day. I was pretty introverted as a child and I didn't mind being by myself. I read comics, watched sci-fi shows on TV and lived in this total fantasy world.

I was 11 years old when I saw the original *Star Wars*. At that moment, I knew I would somehow be involved with movies when I grew up. Then at the age of 16, I saw *Lady and the Tramp* and that's when I decided to become an animator. Animation seemed to combine my love for movie making, fantasy and drawing. A couple of years later, I saw *The Secret of NIMH* and I decided I was going to work for Bluth.

When I turned 18, I moved to Oakville, Ontario (Canada), where I began studying classical animation at Sheridan College.

This is where I learned the basics of animation, such as timing, squash and stretch, lip sync etc… I got to make my own short films from storyboard to final color, which taught me how to put films together. Meddling with other students who had a common interest was highly motivating. I had such a great time. I look back at the three years I spent there as a very fun period of my life.

While at Sheridan, I completed two short films. I eventually sold both of them to cable TV (HBO and Showtime) and one of them was even theatrically released across the US and Canada as part of The 23rd International Tournée of Animation.

After completing Sheridan's three-year animation program in 1986, I took the plane to California to go meet Don Bluth. Of course I never met him on that trip, but I was persistent enough to leave a videocassette of my student film *A Touch of Deceit* with the receptionist. I returned to Toronto and got a job at a small animation outfit called Light Box. About a week later, I received a phone call from John Pomeroy, one of Bluth Studios' lead animators, asking me if I could start the following Monday.

I packed my bags and flew back to California where I immediately began work, as an assistant animator for Linda Miller, on *An American Tail*. I graduated to animator on the next picture, *The Land Before Time*, and ended up working on six features over a period of six years. I worked in the character animation division on the first three films and in the special effects department on the last three.

Bluth was my breakthrough into the film world. I was right out of college so everything was new and exciting. I met and worked with a lot of great animation artists and absorbed a lot of knowledge. I see the Bluth period as the formative years of my animation career. During the six years I spent there, I learned how animated features were made. I refined my drawing abilities and I gained confidence in my animation skills. This new confidence expressed itself in the short film *Prelude to Eden*, which I started on weekends and evenings while at Bluth.

*Prelude to Eden* was my great animation experiment, a project that was four and a half years in the making. The film received an Annie Award nomination (animation's industry equivalent of the

Oscar) in 1996 for best-animated short and became very popular within the animation community. The film's popularity within the industry resulted in several job offers.

From Don Bluth Studios, I moved to Rich Animation, to Available Light (a live action FX house), and eventually landed at Warner Brothers Animation. I was initially hired to head the special effects department on *The Quest for Camelot* and stayed in a lead position for seven years, working on 4 feature films. Despite the heavy corporate management of Warner Brothers Animation, I really enjoyed my stint there. As an added bonus, I was able to take 3-4 months off between pictures, so I got time to work on my own stuff too.

I loved designing and animating some of the effects for *The Iron Giant* such as the "lake / tidal wave" sequence and the "dome of doom" explosion on top of the ocean. Working with visionary director Brad Bird was very inspiring.

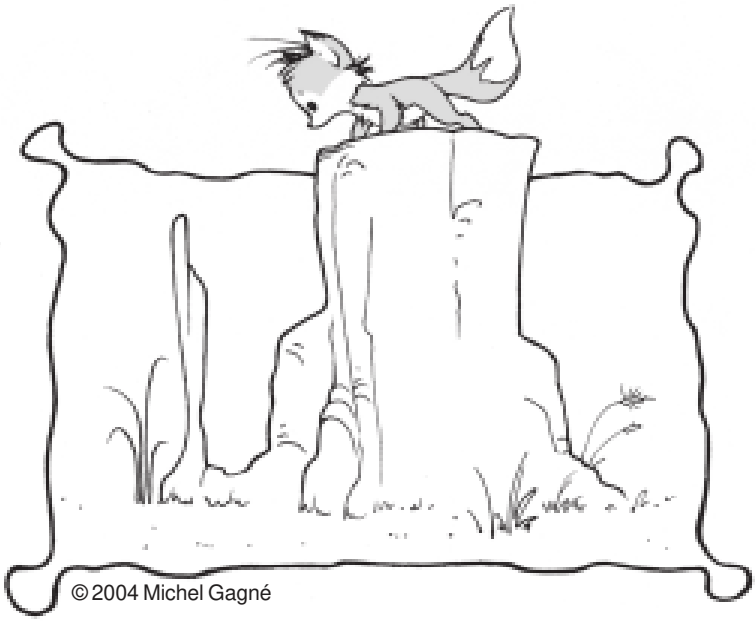
*Osmosis Jones* was another highlight because I was given a lot of freedom to create the look of the effects. I had a blast coming up with crazy concepts like cellular smoke, molecular fire, weird organisms and lots of really cool microscopic stuff.

While at Warner Bros., I began experimenting with new media at nights and on weekends. The inspiration for this unexpected direction in my personal art came after seeing a Kandinsky exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum of Art in '95. I painted and sculpted like a maniac for about 3 years from 1996-99. I was doing very weird and abstract stuff. Very different from the cartooning I was used to.

I had my first show *Contested Borders* at the Warner Brothers ARC Gallery. I was scared to actually show that stuff at Warners because I'm thinking, here are these cartoonists and I'm there with this wild artsy-fartsy stuff. They're going to throw tomatoes at me. Surprisingly, it went really well. I sold quite a few paintings at the opening, so that was awesome. I couldn't believe that people would actually buy my crazy experiments. It was very motivating.

I toyed with a number of media, including acrylic, collages, inks, wood, mixed-media, and charcoal, and participated in several group and one-man shows. I was obsessed. I guess you could call it obsessive-compulsive behavior. Through these artistic experiments, I developed a kind of visual linguistic that, later, segued right into my illustration work. All my creations are interconnected. They're all part of my search. To me, the whole thing is a form of therapy.

The story of how I got into publishing started in 1997, while I was working at Warner Brothers Feature Animation as a special effects supervisor. One of my production assistants, Scott Grieder, really enjoyed my art and suggested that I do a children's book. The thought of illustrating a storybook sounded pretty cool, so I told Scott, "I'll draw it and you write it." I quickly scribbled a drawing of a cute little fox facing a strange creature and gave it to Scott. "This is your starting point, write something about that," I said to him.




Two weeks later, before Scott had a chance to begin writing, I had completed twenty more illustrations. "Here's more inspiration for your story," I said while handing him a stack of photocopies.

Another fifteen to twenty days later, I called Scott to tell him that the book was finished and that I'd written the whole thing. I couldn't stop myself. It just poured out of me. I was glad to hear that Scott felt relieved to have the burden off his shoulders.

*A Search for Meaning: The Story of Rex* was finished in December 1997 and published in July 1998 as a signed and numbered limited edition of 1000. And that's how I began my journey as an author and self-publisher.

Since then, I've written, illustrated and published several books and comics including *The Mystery of He*, *The Great Shadow Migration*, *The Bird, the Spider and the Octopus*, *Insanely Twisted Rabbits*, *Frenzied Fauna: From A to Z*, *The Towers of Numar, ZED* and *Freaky Flora: From A to Z*. I'm in love with self-publishing and I see myself being active in that medium for a very long time.

One of my childhood dreams of doing a mainstream comic came to fruition in 2002. Around Christmas 2001, I received an email from DC editor Matt Idelson. Matt wrote that he was a fan of my work and asked me if I'd consider doing a project for DC. After some reflection, I decided that I could do something really cool with *Batman*. There are many iconic qualities about his universe; the Bat-symbol, Gotham City, the Batcave and Batman himself. When I thought about all the possibilities, it put a big grin on my face. So, I wrote back and told him I'd like to do a full color 32 page story (which ended up expanding to 40 pages) with the Dark Knight. I asked him to let me write, pencil, ink, color and letter the whole thing, warning him that this would be a most different and outrageous version of the character. In a vote of confidence, Matt agreed.

The story *Batman: Spore* was serialized in *Detective Comics #776-#780* and was very controversial with Batman fans. It definitely ruffled some feathers.

In 2003, I fulfilled yet another dream of mine: being part of a *Star Wars* project. In December 2002, I received an email from Genndy Tartakovsky, the director of *Samurai Jack*. He wrote that he was a fan of my work and asked me if I'd be interested in designing the special effects for a series of 20 *Star Wars* shorts he was producing. I told him that the admiration was mutual, and being a big *Star Wars* fan myself, I'd be delighted to be part of his team. Six weeks later, I flew down to Burbank to meet with him. We went over the storyboards, talked about the direction of the show and sealed the deal. The *Star Wars: Clone Wars* short films were an absolute blast to work on.

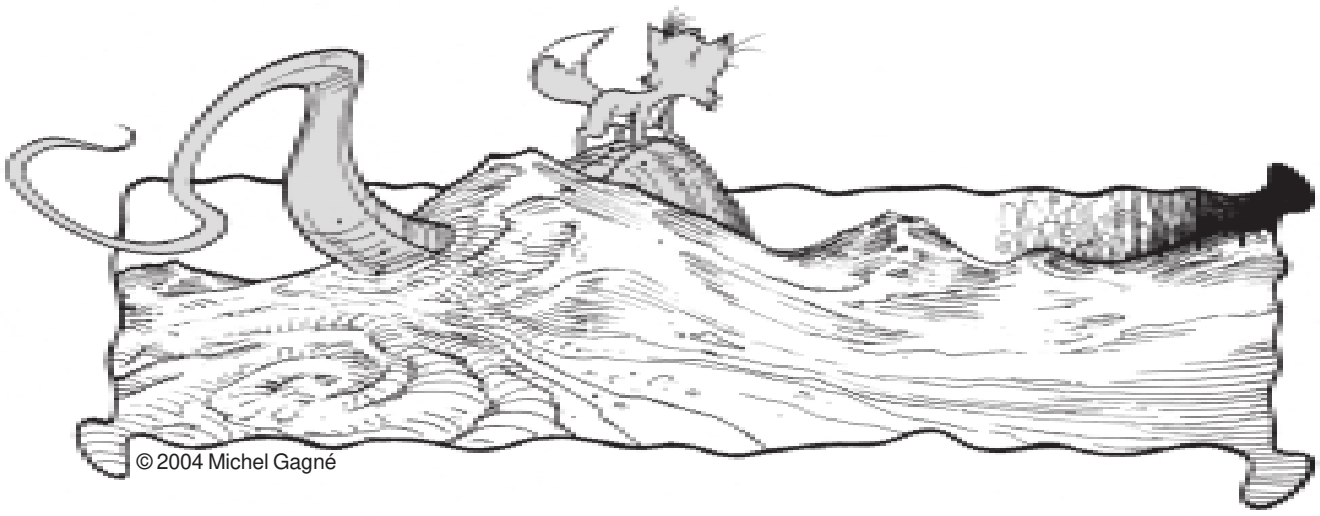
Even though my main focus is now on my personal work, I still enjoy collaborating with movie studios and have recently done some work for Pixar and Disney.

People often ask me where I get my inspiration. Well, without a doubt, my wife Nancy is my greatest source of inspiration. She's totally smart in ways that I'm not. I think we complement each other pretty well, although I drive her nuts a lot. My dogs are also very inspiring. I love to take them on hikes every day!

As far as thinkers, I think Deepak Chopra is awesome. He changed my whole perception of spirituality. Artists that left a big impression on me include Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko, Picasso, Kandinsky, Yves Tanguy, Miyazaki, Yerka, Oscar Fishinger, Osamu Tezuka, Don Bluth, Walt Disney, George Lucas, Moebius and many others.

Other influences come from looking at nature, seeing Manowar in concert, going to museums and checking out other talented artists' works.

I'm happy as long as I'm creative. I get a different kind of satisfaction with each medium. I love it all. Wherever the inspiration takes me is where I try to be.



# Anthrocon 2004 Charity Auction

The genre of anthropomorphics is an entertaining field that deals heavily in the thematic appreciation of animals crossed with humans to varying degrees to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook our real-life counterparts of this mix and, as the human portion of the blend, assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support Forgotten Felines & Fidos, a feline/canine no-kill shelter. The following explains Forgotten Felines & Fidos' operations as detailed by their representative, Caroline Lease:

"Forgotten Felines and Fidos is a non-profit 501(c) no-kill animal shelter. We began operations in 1994, and have come a long way since then! Our mission is to help feral cats, an often-ignored portion of the feline community. We provide a safe haven for threatened, abused, and/or homeless animals until they are adopted, or shelter them for the rest of their life. Besides food, water and shelter, we provide medical care for the sick and injured, spaying/neutering and a nurturing environment for all. We educate feral colony caretakers and the general community about the humane treatment of feral cats and the need for spaying and neutering.

"Our initial efforts were rescuing stray cats and trying to tame them. Most of our adoptions were done out of people's homes through foster care arrangements. As the need for care for these rescued animals grew, so did our dedication and desire to provide them with a proper home life... a shelter. In 2000, Forgotten Felines and Fidos purchased a house with several acres of property. Our dream was to have our rescued cats in their permanent haven by Christmas.

"The house was used as living quarters for the shelter caretaker and many, many cats! Throughout the year, contractors were at the site building the various structures (shelter, cottages, sheds) that we have now. Many volunteers spent innumerable hours constructing various areas of the shelter, painting, installing electrical wiring, cleaning, etc. On December 22, a heating technician indicated that he would not hook up our furnace because of a minor change that had to be made to the pipes. It looked like our home-for-the-holidays dream wouldn't happen! A dear friend of the organization came down bright and early the following morning and completed the change. We called the technician back and he hooked up the last of the heating units.

"Once all the buildings were built, interiors painted, and heating/air conditioning installed, the "great move" was underway. On the morning of December 24th, caravans of cars and carriers brought our rescued, abandoned cats to their new homes. At 2:45pm on Christmas Eve, the last cat entered the shelter.

"Since then, our numbers have only grown. We continue to rescue abandoned and abused cats, and hope to build more facilities. All this is done with a dedicated few people. Our organization is comprised of volunteers, so all proceeds directly benefit the animals. We have volunteers that keep the shelter clean; volunteers that foster cats; volunteers that rescue cats, and volunteers that do a bit of everything. Though the number of volunteers is small, we've done a big job in rescuing many abandoned cats and average about 285 feline adoptions per year and 800

spay/neuters each year.

"We are always in need of dedicated volunteers, and we look forward to the day when our services and shelter are no longer needed."

You can reach Forgotten Felines & Fidos' representative by phone at 610-248-2757, email at clqa1@cs.com, or visit their homepage at http://www.forgottenfelines.org/.

Forgotten Felines & Fidos' representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive the bidders' payments directly. Forgotten Felines & Fidos' representatives will also be in the Dealer's Room where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Charity Auction.

The Anthrocon Charity Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling to the highest bidder items donated by artists, creators, and others. These generous donors have provided us with artwork, merchandise, and other original material not available anywhere else at Anthrocon, without requesting anything in return, to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, the Anthrocon Charity Auction raised over $8,000 for Support Our Shelters. The total was one of the largest raised from a Charity Auction at an anthropomorphic-themed convention and the second largest for Anthrocon itself. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over $42,000 for various charities, including Therapy Dogs, Whiskers, the Great Valley Nature Center, the National Greyhound Adoption Program, Canine Partners for Life, and Support Our Shelters.

Before the Charity Auction, items that have already been donated will be on display in Artists' Alley. The Charity Auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (please consult your program/schedule) and will run for approximately three hours. Donated items and services will be offered in the Charity Auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at Anthrocon.

Bidder Information Sheets will be available for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item to the Charity Auction to be sold, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support our friends at Forgotten Felines & Fidos by joining us for the 2004 Anthrocon Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.

# Anthrocon 2004 Masquerade Info

Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye out, you might even see a *real* furry wandering around amongst the people!

But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade? This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their design and performance skills, giving you an evening of wonder before the all-popular Saturday night dance.

The Masquerade will be held in the Grand Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Grand Ballroom on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule/program for exact times.

There will be a Fursuit Green Room available during the convention (please consult your convention map) where costumers may escape from the crowds to rest and recuperate in a private area. This room will be available throughout the convention and during the dances.

If you would like to participate in the Masquerade, please either contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning. If you have any other questions, please contact Mr. Harris as well.

# The Long Bounce

**Alicia Goranson**

My teammates scramble for the hot dogs Captain Cecily has taken off the grill, here at our annual picnic. I hang back and nibble on an almond from my plate, avoiding any more canine competition than we already have, when I hear Houndus Ruth scream. I rush over with the others, darting around the tails at attention. Ruth points to the table. There, embedded in the potato salad, is the imprint of a fox's paw.

I stare at each of my friends. We've spent long nights together, crying over our dating crises. I'll be a carrot before I believe one of them is a shape-shifting traitor. Foxes steal little canids from their beds and replace them with their own. It happened to my cousin Jonathon. We never found him after they took the imposter away.

Nobody says a word to each other. We took Verdant City to the nationals last year.

Houndus Sarah glares at me. I flex a claw and she moves away.

"People, people," Captain Cecily says, pushing her way in between us, "We've come too far to let this separate us. Ease off."

She is our Captain so we do so. She does what any civilized individual would. She flips open her cell phone and calls the Inquisition.

Inquisitor Bob arrives in a few minutes from his own order's barbecue, over the hill beside ours. He is a bright red collie, and stands out among us darker Wolves. He must be roasting in his robes.

"Friends," Inquisitor Bob says, "I do not have the typical Tools of the Truth with me today, but I see no reason we cannot do this scientifically. It is well-known that foxes are excellent jumpers. While we leap long, they leap high." A couple other Inquisitors come running behind him with a metal plate and a hefty battery. "I propose we have a long jump," Bob says, "Off this plate. The shock will not harm you, but it should set a fox's legs in motion, and send them higher than the rest of you. We shall keep score by the sand pit."

The Inquisitors stand by the poles on either side of our training jump area, and one smiles at me a little too

long. I pace around with the others. I'm not a fox. Everyone in my family has been tested. I just don't have the paperwork on me right now.

Inquisitor Bob waves us into a line and asks us to remove our shoes. I grit my teeth and pump my arms. I can do this. Houndus Erica sprints forward at the front of the line. She steps on the plate, yelps, and falls face first into the sand.

"Two feet," Inquisitor Bob calls out.

My teammates murmur how easy this is going to be. Houndus Tristan barrels forward but the shock distracts her so much, she flies straight up and lands on it again. She yerps and throws herself off.

"Four feet," Inquisitor Bob says.

As it comes down to me, I start to wonder. Nobody is behaving the same from the shocks. Any one of us could be highest. It will not be me.

At my turn, I lower my head to ramming level and bolt. My feet hit the plate and my internal organs try to fit themselves in my neck. I am propelled off the ground, and I curl up like a frightened pup. Then, the sky is under me. I perform a complete somersault, going as long as I would have high, when everything stops and a burst of sand fills my mouth.

"Just under four feet," Inquisitor Bob says. I could have sworn it was more.

When the last teammate has jumped, Bob announces the results. "It's too close to call," he says, "Without fur traces or witnesses, I suspect someone carved that imprint to play a prank on you. Enjoy the rest of your picnic."

I haphazardly apologize to my teammates for suspecting them, and they do the same to me. We embrace and help the Inquisitors clean up.

"Excellent roll," Inquisitor Bob says to me, as I escort the Inquisitors back, "How long have you known you had fox in your family?"

I gasp. I look around but no one has heard. "What do you mean?" I say, "I've been tested."

"Well," he says, gesturing to my plate with the almonds in the corner, "I see you're the only one eating those." The almonds are specked with potato salad. There is no pile of nuts on our picnic table.

Is that how they got there? I don't remember.

"Relax," he says, "Involuntarily foxisms are one of the things we look for." The one who smiled at me before looks over. "Well," Bob says, "that, and your cousin Jonathon works for me."

# The Spirit

**Jessie Tracer**

When Guillaume entered the hotel room, Ulrich was staring thoughtfully at the wall. Most people might have interpreted this as very classic feline behaviour, not terribly out of place but a bit of a put-on, an act to play up his current form. Guy knew better, and couldn't help but admire the athlete's seemingly interminable drive; he was already deep in thought about the upcoming years, merely an hour after the final ceremonies from the last four! "Ric! Hey, Ric, aren't you going to get ready for tonight?"

He turned, expression going instantly from focused to jovial. He grinned to his trainer, and leaned back in the couch nonchalantly. "I've got plenty of time."

"Well, in that case..." Guy leaned against the wall opposite Ric and smiled broadly in return. "You always refuse to tell me what you have in mind until after the Games are over, and you've been keeping me in the worst kind of suspense, so, out with it! What've you got in mind for fifty-eight?"

Ric sighed, letting his toned semi-leonine body relax into the couch. "This was a good one, wasn't it?"

"Well, I would say so!" Guy beamed. "I doubt anyone will criticize you anymore for having lost your touch, or for choosing a 'pedestrian form', as that one critic put it, which of course brings us back to your next choice. I'm dying to know..."

"So you'd say the gamma-class lion was a good fit for me."

Exasperation leaked through in the trainer's voice. "Yes, of course. Why all the questions?"

Ric shrugged loosely. "I plan to change to a delta-class lion."

Guy chuckled. "Oh, and we don't spend enough on food for you as it is without having to go for raw meat all the time, eh? No, seriously."

"I am being serious."

"No, you're not. Delta-class can't compete."

"I know."

Guy found a nearby chair and sat down, sounding slightly panicked. "You're not pulling a McLaughlin on me, are you?"

The athlete's tone was remarkably calm, in contrast. "What if I said I were, indeed?"

"Ric... no, blast it, you can't just up and leave like that! With all the time, all the... No, you're not just going to disappear into the wilderness, like that. You can't."

Ric stared. "I most certainly can, and intend to. This isn't some snap decision, I've been thinking about this... well, to be honest, before I even took this form four years ago. I didn't say anything because I knew it would cause trouble for the Games and for you, and I wanted to be absolutely certain about it." When Guy didn't respond, he continued. "I've been talking with one of the wildlife preserve maintainers over in Tanzania—she's been exceedingly discreet about the whole thing—and yes, I'm fairly certain about it now."

Guy stammered, "You never talked about any of this. What about the Olympics? I thought the competition made you happy, I thought that's what you lived for..."

"It is. That's why I'm doing this."

"This is a nightmare come true. You're turning your back on everything, everything you've worked for."

Ric sighed, "I know this will sound a little bit canned, but I've been preparing for how I wanted to tell you, how I wanted to respond to that, and here it is. There's a spirit to the Games. Every four years, I pick a form, transition to it, train like mad, and then show the world that I can make the most of a body I've only had a short time to learn. I don't do it for my own health, I don't do it for the appearances on Net shows, I don't do it for anyone but me, because that's how I feel alive. You know this, you've seen it, you've been there with me for it. Taking a new body and making it work, learning everything all over again, reaching for excellence... That's what the Games have always been about, right there. So I want to take it a step further, to keep reaching. This time, I want to make it an ultimate challenge, one of survival... I want to take it to its logical extreme. Celine McLaughlin understood it, and so do I. This, Guillaume, is exactly what I have worked for."

The blood drained from Guy's face. "You really have made up your mind. There's nothing I can say to stop you from doing this, is there? Nothing to stop you from just becoming an animal and disappearing into Africa?"

Ric shook his head slowly. "No, nothing you could say. This is my decision alone."

"Think about this, about what you're saying here! You're giving up your humanity, Ric!"

His expression changed from steady nonchalance to enthusiasm. "No, I'm tapping back into it. Maybe it's crazy, but something primal inside me says I need to be out there." He emphasized by waving a furred hand towards the wall he'd been staring at. "Even the Games... That doesn't do it for me anymore, it still feels too contrived and artificial. I really do need this, and I don't think I'm disrespecting you or the Games or humanity when I say I'm paying them all the best compliment there is. They helped prepare me for the world's oldest competition; survival."

Guy shook his head, and stood up. "I think you're crazy, but I respect you too much to really believe it. Ever since McLaughlin, I was afraid this could happen, maybe because I somehow knew that it would, and all I can do is support you in this, even though it means the end to... everything we've done together. I don't know what to say."

Ric relaxed again. "There's plenty of time to work all of this out, I don't plan to immediately disappear. Since I'm not constrained by a four-year schedule, I'm going to take the time I need to settle my affairs before I get changed."

"That sounds as sensible as anything possibly could, right now. I'd rather worry about all of this later. We have a dinner party to get ready for. You're not going to announce any of this tonight, are you? Will you even be at the dinner?"

"Oh, I'll be there, I'm not going to leave anything unfinished, and I don't plan to say anything about my decision just yet; I want to finalize the plans first before I make this openly known."

Guy smirked, and took on a slightly dramatic tone. "As always, you amaze me in ways I could never have anticipated, Mister Partell. I'm honored to have worked with you these last four years."

Ric smiled. "Tradition stands. This is where I say, 'The honor is mine, Mister Neumerkel.'" He stood to shake Guy's hand, and then watched as his good friend and trainer turned towards the door. Then, he sat and let his gaze drift once more.

As Guy left the hotel room, Ric was staring thoughtfully out at the African veldt.

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# And the Gold Medal Goes To…?

**K'gra Leopard**

Ignoring the brilliant sunset behind her, the leopard crouched low in the brush. Her yellow eyes were fixed on their target—a leanly muscled gazelle foraging on the dried remnants of sun-baked grasses—as she inched her way forward. She reached out a paw, slipping it between the stems to create a break for her to slide the rest of her body through. Reaching, stop, leaning forward, stop, stepping, stop, leaning forward, stop, reaching...

Finally, her nose touched the last line of cover the brush would afford her. She wriggled her hindpaws forward until they were gathered beneath her. Flexing her claws, she tested the ground, feeling the hardness of the dried earth part as the sharp clawtips bit into it.

In the distance, a bird called out a warning. The gazelle's head shot up, but he scanned the brush opposite her.

Now!

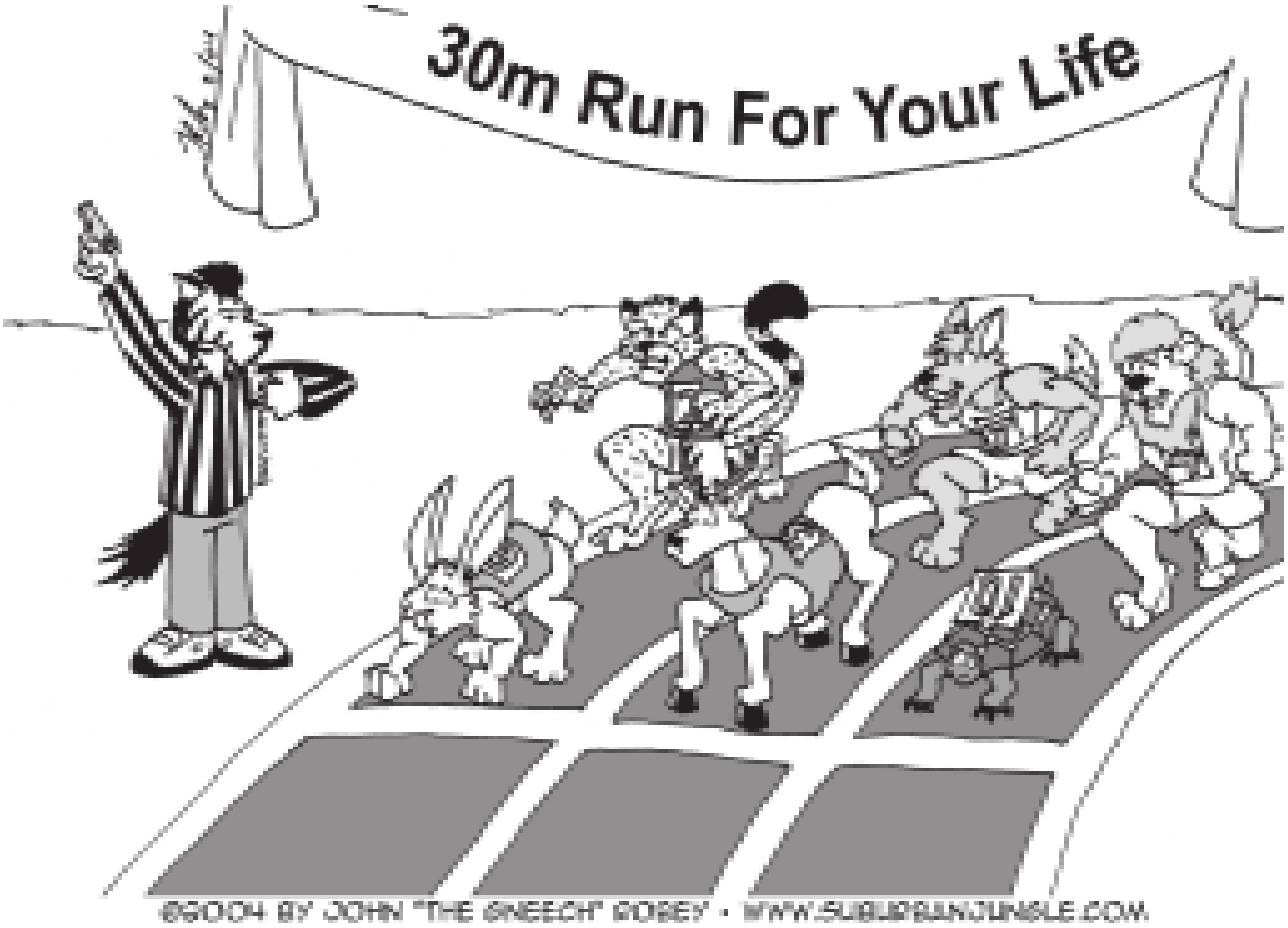
Dirt flew out behind her as she rocketed from her hiding place. She was two huge strides towards the buck before he even realized she was there. Instinct kicked in and he leapt to one side, his hooves churning the air before they even found purchase once more with the earth.

The leopard was close on his heels, the scent of his fear filling her mouth as she gulped air into her lungs. He darted this way and that, vaulting small bushes, rocks, anything he could find in a supreme effort to put more distance between them, but the two bounding steps she had achieved at the start when he had looked in the wrong direction were to be his downfall.

She was just behind his flashing hooves—small but still a threat to bash into her face and break her teeth—close enough to...

Pounce!

Her heavily muscled body, golden red in the dying



sunlight, sprang into the air, her claws extended to their fullest as she reached for her prey. A swipe and the gazelle was knocked off balance, tumbling into the dirt nose-first. The leopard stopped running, wrapping paws, claws, and jaws around her prey as her momentum drove her considerable bodyweight atop him.

As she rolled to her feet, her eyes automatically scanned her surroundings for a convenient tree into which she could disappear with her prize.

* * * * * * *

"Dammit! I thought we instructed the coaches to make sure that all the carnivores on their teams had a meal of fresh meat last night so stuff like this wouldn't happen!"

"Well, the Nairobi runner was only knocked into the dust. It could have been much worse. She seemed content to maintain the pace he was setting until the last hundred feet. Then she just mowed him down to sweep across the line first," the official remarked as they watched the gazelle in question still dusting himself off as he talked with his rather concerned coach.

"Yes, but we're going to have to disqualify her for taking him out of the race on purpose."

"And you're the one who's going to let her know?"

The hippo looked up from his clipboard at the feline still perched atop the quickly-vacated track official's stand, the length of tape marked "FINISH" dangling from her jaws like an over-large strand of floss. She glared at him, snarling audibly. "Well, umm, hmmmmm." He put a massive arm around the egret's thin shoulders. "Let's go look at the video. Maybe it was an accident. You know, things like that happen when the runners are bunched so close together."

"But—" the bird began to protest.

The hippo thrust him towards the leopard, whose growls rose once more. The egret frantically tried to backpedal away. "Naaaah!" he squawked, his wings flapping as he tried to create more distance between himself and the runner. "To hell with the tapes! I'm not telling her she didn't win!"

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# Ewe Could

**Mir'Kossia Tirra Nor**

"Ewe can not possibly run in a sprint."

Callie heard that every day after school; every day she always tried to prove the coach wrong. She had always loved running, the freedom she felt when the wind coursed through her locks. It really didn't matter to her that she was short or that her legs were not as long as the others. She really didn't care about the other taller, longer legged runners who were already part of the squad with their constant taunting.

"Oh, p'lease. I mean, like, look at you."

"Look at ewe, you mean, Sheryl." The two gazelles laughed, though Callie had learned to ignore them.

"Like, I know. Come on, silly lamb. I mean, hello, your legs simply don't have the... what's the word I'm looking for, Angie?"

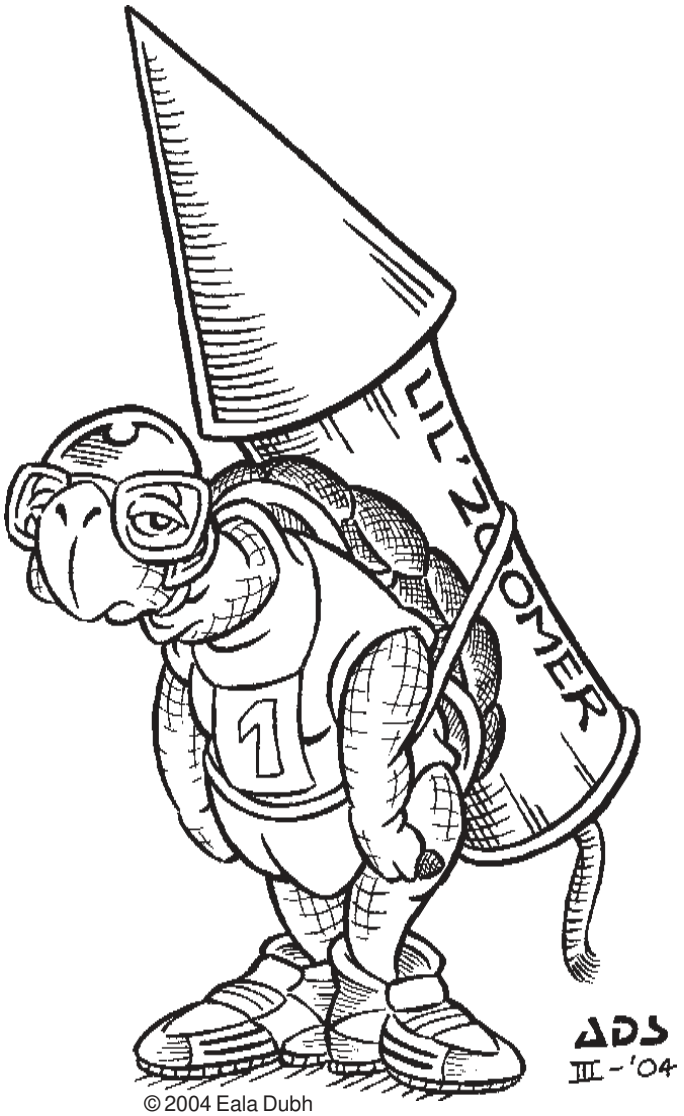
"Gait, ewe do not have the strides to keep up with, well, us."

Callie walked past them, ready to run the track alone, as she did after every track practice, when a voice caught her attention.

"You know, what would it hurt to have her try out? I am sure even a lamb can run fast enough to meet the basic requirements." Callie had always noticed the lioness. She seemed to be the only one that paid attention to her solo training attempts. "Surely you two aren't concerned by the competition?"

"Like, I think *not*!"

"Seriously, me and Sheryl concerned by a little lamb? Get with it, Naiomi."

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The gazelles laughed as they left, leaving behind only Callie on the track and Naiomi watching.

After her hour of running, Callie grabbed a towel with the intention of showering and calling it a day. Usually, no one was left; even Naiomi was gone by now, but today, she waited.

"Listen, I will help you train, help you learn to use your legs to their fullest, but, even if you get in, the chances of ever beating an antelope, let alone a gazelle..."

"I don't care about that. If I am out there, then I have better chance than sitting on the sidelines, right?"

"I suppose you're right... just... don't expect any miracles."

For two weeks they trained, Naiomi doing her best to get Callie's legs to move faster and make up the short distance of her small natural strides.

"Come *on*, your legs are not *that* short!"

Callie collapsed, her thighs burning. "Dammit, what's the point?" She was near tears, not sure why she ever agreed in the first place. "Well? Why should I bother?"

"I don't know. You tell me, why do you run on 'our' track every day?"

Callie thought about it, the rush at the start, then the feeling of peace as she lost herself, like how falcons must feel when flying. "You can't know how it feels. When the wind hits your face, then how it breaks around you when you cut through, and you hear nothing but a soft breeze and you focus on that line."

Naiomi smiled and tugged on her track shirt. "No,

I couldn't imagine at all."

Callie was embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to assume..."

"No, it's alright. Want to try again?"

"Yes." She smirked. "Race! Yeah!" Callie leapt to her feet and headed off without her trainer.

Naiomi laughed.

* * * * * * *

It had been three months since that day, and coach Uzani, while accepting her into the squad for her excellent tryout time, had not given her a chance to run in any competition, until today. A deer, Megan, had injured herself, and while not seriously, she would not be able to race today. So Callie took her place. Most thought nothing of it... most.

"She's gonna bring the whole team down. I mean we're not talking fellow teammates anymore, there have to be runners from half a dozen schools out there."

"Like, yeah, Coach. I mean, sure Callie got in, but this is no joke. Sheryl's right, there has to be someone else."

The coach gave a glare, "No, there isn't. Now try and be supportive, and... do your best." The last comment was aimed at Callie, but she wasn't bothered; she was going to run, she was going to win.

It was an amazing day. Throughout the day, while Callie was not beating the pants off of anyone, she was placing well enough to move up in the meet. By the end, she was in the final seven along with a zebra from across the county, two deer from a rival school, and three of her track mates: Naiomi, Sheryl, and Angie.

"Okay, girls, you're doing great. I think you three could sweep this one."

Naiomi retorted, "There are four of us going, you know. Callie could place."

"Yeah, like, really, and little lambs will fly."

"Enough! Listen, you all got here. One more run to go; do your best." The last comment was still directed at Callie, though, this time, it was more sincere, as coach Uzani gave her a large smile.

"I will", she said almost to herself.

She could not remember hearing the gun, only feeling the moment. She ran, faster than she ever had before, yet, she felt no strain, only the wind, and she was part of it. The crowd's roar that told her the race was finished. As the crowd cheered, she looked up at the board. She saw that she had been beaten by her three team mates, but... "Fourth place, minus... 1.5 seconds? I was chasing their tails!" She had beaten the others and almost beaten Sheryl. She felt a hand touch her shoulder.

"Same time next week, we'll shave that time down, if you're still game."

"Sure thing, and... thanks, Naiomi."

Naiomi smiled and joined the rest of her team at the podium. Callie was about to hit the showers when she saw a young lamb girl looking out over the track, daydreaming. Callie made a final stop over to her before going into the locker rooms. She smiled at the girl.

"Yes, ewe can."

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# Leap for Joy

**Charles R. deCharleroy, Jr.**

Bobby's ready. My son had trained for this day the whole year. I can still see him out in the snow, patting down a trail to the makeshift hurdles he'd set up, always striving for that one inch more on his jump. I remember him slipping in the mud when he insisted on training in the rain. He'd cry sometimes, but there was one thing about Bobby, he always got right back up on his big feet.

"Big feet, all us rabbits have them," I say smiling to myself as Bobby steps to the line. I'm one to talk about it, aren't I?

Never mind that I can still jump higher than he ever will, even now as I'm approaching sixty. He does really well; I have to admit he's always surprised me with how much he can do. There was a time when I wasn't sure he'd ever walk or talk, a time when it was very lonely for us both.

Elly, she would have been so proud to see him like this. She knew that no matter what, he'd be a son we'd love our whole lives. We were both around forty, Elly and I, when Bobby was conceived. It was risky, we knew, but it was likely the only chance we'd get. So when the doctor told us the amniocentesis showed an extra chromosome, it was quite a shock… though at first we had no idea what that really meant. Not a clue about genetic implications, not until we heard the words: Down Syndrome.

There'd be problems, possibly he'd not live past childhood, we were told. The option to abort was there. But we couldn't, he was going to be our only child. We'd already named him. If only it could have been that simple. Elly hadn't had any children before, and her body didn't seem to like the idea much. We should have known. I mean, who ever heard of a rabbit having trouble conceiving? Elly held out all eight months, even with the complications she gave him everything she had, literally. I held her paw the last few moments while the doctors tried to restart her heart.

I wipe a tear from my eye, now's not the time to be sad. That's my boy out there, competing in his own right, ready to prove doubters wrong again. He'd always been determined, right from the moment he was placed in the incubator. The doctors said I should put him away, not that they said it like that, but that's the meaning I got from it. Just drop him off at an orphanage; it'd be easier on me that way. As if I could have, as if I

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could forget the little bunny Elly and me had given so much to have. And it wouldn't be easier. I really would have been alone then, wouldn't I? What would my life be without him, without the son I love so much.

Oh it wasn't easy, don't get me wrong, anything really worth having never is so I've learned. He didn't learn things easily, and I've replaced many broken dishes, among other things. Even now he can have a tantrum on occasion. But hey, I've yet to see an adult who hasn't yelled and stomped about over something silly.

It's about to start, he's crouched in position. Imagine him, standing like that. He's grown up stronger than anyone would have guessed. I can still remember when he was so small I felt like I'd break him. And all the times he'd struggle to run with the brace on his shorter leg. But all that's past us now. He's in the games like he always wanted to be since he started watching on TV.

Wait, the bar looks high to me. Did he really want it to be up that high? I didn't think he'd made it that high! I wish I were down there. But I promised to be in the front of the audience, he wanted to show me he could do it himself.

The buzzer, he's off! Look at him go! He really did train himself, if I didn't know better, I'd say he's thrown in every one of his hopes and dreams into this moment. He's… he's about to… he's jumping! "Come on son… you can do it!" Look at him! He's up… he's over! He made it! "Yeah! Yeah! That's my boy! Four whole feet! His best ever!" I can sit back down now and breathe the sigh of relief I've been waiting for. I know what Bobby must be feeling as his friends crowd around him, some with one leg, others in wheelchairs, and still others with conditions like his own. All of them have triumphed in their own way on this bright summer's day. I know what they're feeling; I'm floating on one of those puffy clouds overhead too.

"Did you see him, Elly? Did you see our son?"

Bobby's running over to me, his elfish face is beaming with pride. "Did you see Daddy? Did you see how high I jumped?"

I have to wipe more than one tear away this time as I share in his innocent elation, "Yeah, son! You did great. Almost touched the sky…."

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# Longshot

**Bombur**

"Gentlemen, the race is in five minutes," the official said to the huddled crows, then looked back down at the clipboard. Henry took a deep breath as he paced a little, eying his starting blocks and the big number eight in white chalk stenciled in below it. Slowly he gathered his nerves as he stood in his starting block, looking around the coliseum and the thousands which filled it. The rabbit ran his hand over his forehead and ears as he took a deep breath, trying to relax despite the thundering of his heart. The other racers started to follow suit and went into their starting places, stretching and preparing as the start of the race neared.

He was not aware he was just staring at his starting blocks until he felt a hand pat his shoulder. Snapping his head up he looked at the racer next to him, a wolf from Canada, though the name escaped him at the moment. "Hey kid, you okay?" he said, smiling a bit. "You gotta relax ya know, you look like you're gonna have a heart attack." Henry nodded and sighed, looking outwards at his lane and at the finish line a hundred meters down with the white ribbon suspended across, waiting for someone to break it.

"That's because I am... I don't belong here. I mean... I just barely qualified and I wasn't supposed to even win my heat. This is... just amazing." Henry admitted, unable to believe he truly was in the finals for the hundred-meter dash at the grandest sporting event in the world.

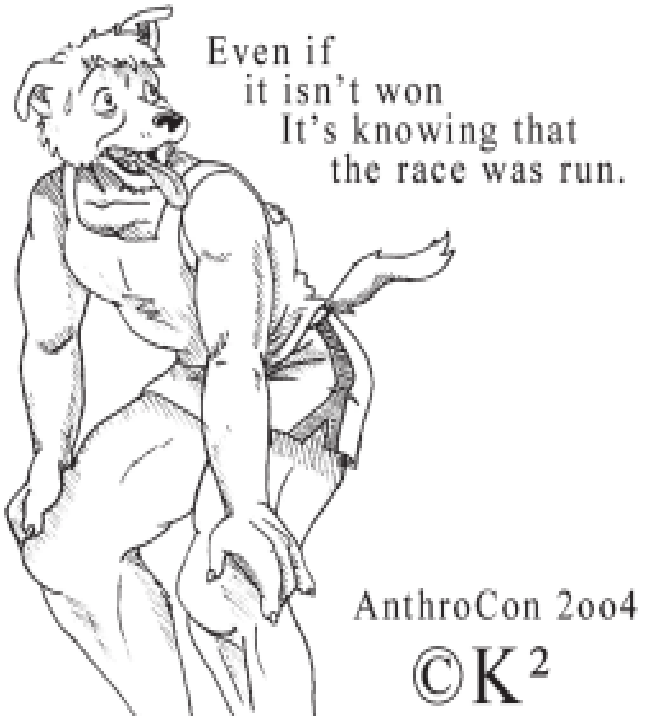
The wolf chuckled softly. "You're Henry Albs, right? I heard you tied the Olympic record during your heat. That's damn impressive, kid, try and do it now when it counts, alright?"

"Three minutes!" the official called out from behind. Henry nodded at the wolf a bit. "Yeah, I did... But it was luck. I jumped at precisely the moment the gun went off, was luck, not skill. I just don't hope I embarrass myself."

The wolf quickly shook his head. "You're not, kid. This is my third Olympics, last one. I have been trying every four years since I was eighteen and this is the first time I ever made it into the finals. This is living, kid, this is my dream. Millions watching, my country getting a small thrill knowing I am here on their behalf. Winning? Naw, that's not important. You got here, and no matter what you do from this point, you're not going to embarrass yourself."

Henry smiled a bit and nodded, again taking a deep breath. "So you say, but Kiangazi Wardi is here," as he nodded to the cheetah in lane four wearing the flag of Kenya on his chest. "He is the world champion and world record holder... I don't think I have a chance." Then the wolf chuckled, shaking his head. "Let me put it this way," he said and patted Henry on the shoulder. "Everyone expects him to win, so we are all supposed to lose. No big deal if we do what is expected right?" As the official gave the one minute warning call, all the racers starting to fit onto the starting blocks, getting comfortable. "We are all longshots, and everyone loves to cheer a longshot kid. How about you and me give them something to cheer about, okay?" He placed his hands just in back of the starting line and got into his ready position.

The rabbit smiled softly as he settled into his own blocks and looked at the ribbon waving at him down his lane. "Yeah," he thought, hearing the official call. "On your marks!" as his muscles tensed. "Set!" His legs awaiting for the moment to leap. "Let's give them something to cheer for," he thought, and then exploded forward as the gun fired.



# Silver

**Chaka Wolf**

*When I race my mind is full of doubts.*
*Who will come in second?*
*Who will come in third?*
*– Noureddine Morceli of Algeria*

Kava wondered if he might be dreaming as the bus entered the grounds of the Olympic Training Center. After all his hard work on the track, after all the races won, he was finally here. Before the bus had rolled to a stop, Kava was out of his seat. Ignoring the driver's warning, he walked to the front of the bus, and was the first one out when the doors hissed open. He jogged to the dormitory, picked a bunk, and stowed his gear.

"Hey, what's your specialty?" Kava turned to see a cheetah about his age lying on the next bunk.

"I'm a sprinter."

"Yeah? Me, too!" the cheetah said, rolling to a sitting position on the edge of the bunk. "What do you run the hundred in?"

"Ten two, ten three—think I can make ten flat if I work at it."

Kava saw the smile freeze on the cheetah's muzzle. "How about you?"

"I, uh, I usually come in around nine one." The cheetah looked at the floor. "Well, see you on the practice field!" Kava watched the cheetah jog to the door. Nine seconds! No way—nofur could run a hundred meter dash in nine seconds.

When Kava arrived at the practice field, five other furs were there. There were four cheetahs, including the one he'd met, and one lynx. Kava had come from a rural school that was dominated by wolves, and had never raced with any other species before. The coach ordered a warm-up lap, and Kava's misgivings grew as he watched the fluid grace with which the felines ran. Next, the coach moved the group to the starting line for the hundred meters. At the sound of the gun, Kava sprang from the starting blocks, claws digging into the cinder track. Everything felt right, the start was clean, his speed good, until he looked up at five spotted tails.

Last. Kava had never been last in his life. When the coach announced a break for lunch, Kava wasn't hungry. He sat in the empty bleachers, head down, ears drooping.

"You're pretty fast for a wolf."

Kava looked up to see an older gray wolf wearing a coach's shirt. "Not fast enough."

"Not for sprinting, no, the cats have that locked up." The wolf extended a paw. "Name's Rolf, I coach the biathlon. You ever do any shooting?"

"Yeah, since I was a cub, why?"

"Because if you can shoot as well as you run, I think you'd be a natural."

"What about the cheetahs?"

Rolf laughed. "I'll tell you a secret; cheetahs can run, but they can't shoot. Come with me."

Kava spent that afternoon with Rolf on the rifle range knocking down targets from fifty meters and listening to Rolf's suggestions.

"You're a good shot, wolf, let's see how you do when you're out of breath."

After a two kilometer run, Kava's aim wasn't as good. He missed one target from the prone position, and two standing.

"OK, focus on your breathing. Remember, it's a hundred meter penalty loop for every target you miss!"

Being a part of the summer Olympics was an experience unlike any Kava had ever known. He was glad that he had a few days to roam around and see the sights before the biathlon practice started.

On his first practice run, he turned in his best time ever, missing only one target and incurring only one penalty loop. As he rested after the last two kilometer run, he watched the competitor from Germany, a big, black-phase gray wolf named Graul. For his size, Graul was quick on his paws, but what really caught Kava's attention was his shooting; Graul hit every target. No penalty loops made Graul's time better than his by several seconds. As he left the track, Graul snarled at Kava, "So, you not za only volf can shoot, ja?" With a supreme effort of will, Kava managed to keep his tail from tucking itself between his legs.

The next few days were a struggle measured in seconds. A struggle that Kava was slowly but surely losing. Then, in the final shooting event, Graul missed a target. The penalty loop cost the German his lead, and for the first time in days, Kava saw his chance. His first two kilometer run was perfect, and he had no misses in the prone shooting. Finishing the second two kilometers, he grabbed his rifle from the rack and began the final shooting phase from the standing position. The sights wavered on the target, but Kava willed them to be still and fired. Hit! Again. Hit! Again. Another hit! Kava could taste victory as he fired at the fourth target—and missed it. He felt as if ice water were being poured down his back as he worked the bolt, chambering his last round. Lining up the sights and thinking of the penalty loop he'd have to run, Kava fired his last shot, and missed again. The world ceased to exist for Kava as he mechanically ran the two penalty loops and the final two kilometers. He didn't need to look at the times as they were posted; he'd lost.

As Kava sat with his head in his paws, and felt the tears start down his muzzle, he heard a familiar voice yelling his name. He turned just as coach Rolf grabbed him, hugging him hard enough to make him gasp.

"Congratulations, wolf! You did it! I knew from the moment I set eyes on you that you were a winner!"

"What do you mean, I messed up! I came in second, I…."

Rolf looked confused, then started to laugh. "Yeah, you came in second. In the Olympics! Against a world class athlete! You know what second means, don't you?"

"Yeah, it means I…." Kava's eyes widened as the realization struck home.

"Silver! You won the silver! Now stop whining and go get your medal!" Kava's applause as the gold medal was hung around Graul's neck was genuine; there were other medals, and one was waiting for *him*.

**Running**

The ancient Pentathlon had only one foot race, a 200-yard sprint called the *Stadion*. Lined up at times twenty abreast, the racers would launch themselves from a grooved stone starting block and run a *stade*, or one stadium length. Although the runners at first ran clothed, Orsippus of Megara "lost" his loincloth and ran to victory naked. The tradition continues to this day at many sporting events, though it's not officially sanctioned.

# Bearing Up

**Brett M. Linbo-Terhaar & Martha R. Linbo-Terhaar**

Sergei looked across the mat at Justus Karua, the Namibian Elephant. "By the Mother Volga, he's huge!" Sergei thought. Loosening his shoulders in preparation, he moved toward the squared circle. Sergei Ursanov then lost himself in the crowd's revelry.

At only 18, Sergei had burst onto the wrestling scene at the Moscow Olympics. He was brash, young and Moscow's favorite. Strength allowed him to dominate the matches leading up to the finals. There, Nikolas Lakiotis—the "Black Bull of Greece"—waited for him. That day, Lakiotis had been in the position Sergei held today; the veteran facing the young upstart.

Sergei remembered looking across the mat at his idol and noticing the silver tint blossoming in his black fur. Could this old man really pose a threat to him?

The match went largely as planned. One thing irritated him: the bull kept loosening his grip. This kept the bear from landing his big throw. With seconds left, Ursanov led one point to zero and pictured the gold medal around his neck.

To his amazement, Sergei was looking up and staring into the overhead lights. He righted himself, but it was too late. The reversal and exposure had given Nikolas two points *and* the win.

After the match Sergei congratulated Nikolas. "How did you break my hold?" he had asked.

"Someday," answered the bull in Greek-accented Russian. Then he smiled and clapped Sergei on the back.

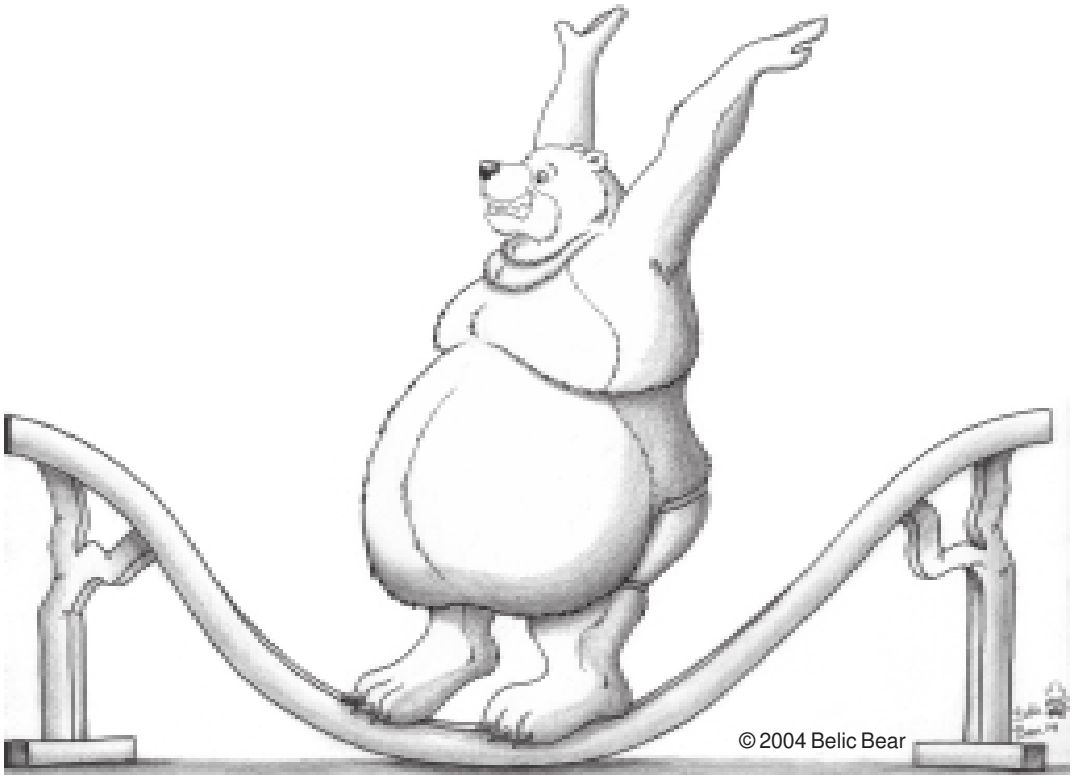
A silver medal made Ursanov a celebrity. He solidified his standing with first place wins at three consecutive World Championships.

He went on to marry and settled in his hometown. The birth of a few cubs soon followed, and the family spent their free time at a seaside dacha.

Sergei put everything into training for 1984. When the USSR boycott announcement was made, Sergei had to watch as an American named Mark Thomas took the gold.

Sergei took two more world titles over the next three years and became famous for his Russian Bear Hug. The move broke the ribs of several opponents. Ursanov and Thomas met at championships, but were never fated to be at the same Olympics.

At Seoul, he earned a bronze, later receiving the silver when it was revealed that his opponent—an East German wolf named Günter Schwartzenwald—had used steroids.




During a match at the 1992 Barcelona Games, Sergei's shoulder gave in an unnatural direction. The team doctor confirmed the worst; his participation for the year was over. Would he ever take home the gold?

Sergei ran wild for the next four years. He alienated his family and trained minimally. The 1996 Olympic trials arrived. Sergei Ursanov lost in the early rounds, disappointing everyone.

When he returned

home, his wife delivered an ultimatum. Either he could change, or he would find himself abandoned. That winter, he chose to hibernate alone in the Ural Mountains. From there, he began his climb back to the top. When the 2000 trials arrived, Ursanov was in peak condition and back with his family.

During Sergei's absence, Justus Karua became the world Champion. He was the best of a wave of African competitors that were larger and stronger than the Europeans and Americans. Discussions were underway to create an ultra-heavyweight division, but nothing could be resolved before the upcoming games.

Throughout these games, Sergei wrestled like a bear possessed. Win or lose, this would be his last competition. He'd retire after today; he was tired and his family deserved it. In contrast, Justus dispatched each competitor with calm efficiency. Both marched on to the finals effortlessly.

Now, the bear faced the elephant at last. The referee examined them for fight compliancy. Sergei offered his paw to his opponent, only to receive another scowl.

At the whistle the two came together quickly. Bruin and pachyderm tried their respective best, but neither gained the upper paw. There was still no score at the end of the first period.

Justus won the second coin toss. He positioned his arms around Ursanov. The Russian knew that this gave the elephant an advantage, making it possible for him to throw Sergei. When the starting signal sounded, Karua tightened his grip and lifted. Sergei felt his paws leave the mat. He turned in Justus' grasp, trying not to expose his shoulders.

Ursanov was slammed against to the floor. He struggled to keep his shoulders up. The judge indicated one point for the African on the takedown. This wouldn't give the Namibian the win. He needed at least three points. It would be a tough ride—the elephant's bulk was depleting Sergei's stamina. Any extra minutes on the mat would be hell.

He countered Justus' attempt to turn him over and slipped free. The judge raised his other paw. The match was again tied.

Justus pressed at Sergei, hoping for a throw. Sergei ceded a point to him to avoid a clench. The African was wrestling for top honors and needed one last point. Sergei felt his final chance at the gold slipping away. The elephant worked to turn the bear over and Sergei resisted by imitating a large furry rock. The elephant became more confident. The bear became more desperate.

Karua kept pressing as the match drew to its end. Ursanov's mind flew everywhere as he searched for a way to turn the tide. His eyes found his wife's face in the crowd. Finally, the answer came to him.

Justus felt the bear relax; the old man was giving up. He pressed for the pin.

Suddenly, Justus was sliding over the bear's lifting shoulder as a big paw snaked around his neck. The crowd gasped as the elephant was rolled onto his back.

Sergei tightened his hold. The judge's paw slapped the mat. The Russian had his gold medal.

Sergei helped Justus up. The elephant shook his big head and he finally smiled.

"How'd you *do* that?" He queried in broken Russian.

Sergei smiled as he made his reply.

"Someday."

# Fun For Every Species

**Kris Schnee**

A movement has sprung up to entertain the whole animal kingdom. Science, engineering, and marketing have converged on the idea that nonhuman animals are capable of having fun, and that we might have some fun of our own by helping them.

Many zoos are dismal places, with the animals in bare concrete enclosures not much bigger than themselves. Kids who visit these zoos see animals that just lie there or pace endlessly, which is both uninformative and boring. The animals turn fat and start showing obsessive, "stereotypic" behavior like pacing, plucking, and head-shaking. It's no wonder; animals that evolved to explore a miles-wide territory and live by their intelligence and agility now spend their days in a box with daily catering. The situation is bad for the animals, bad for the visitors, and bad for zoo staff.

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It's starting to improve. In the last few decades zoos have built up a program called "enrichment," aimed at keeping creatures sane and healthy. These methods work with the psychology of each species to restore some of the freedom and complexity of life that zoos lack. For instance, when predators and prey have their exhibits switched every so often, they catch each others' scent. Both go on alert, searching and moving around. Their lives are more interesting, they get more exercise, and zoo visitors see something more like natural behavior.

Variations in food and how it's served are another option. For foraging species like bears, zookeepers scatter food around the exhibit or freeze it in blocks of ice. Grocery stores donate leftover produce to give animals lettuce, tomatoes, and asparagus. Spices add exotic smells and tastes, and oddly-shaped containers get batted around to release the food inside. Sea World has a clever program of selling fish at the dolphin exhibit, so that the 'phins get constant attention.

Social interaction with captive animals is good for both sides. Moving a neglected animal from one cage to another means physically hauling a frightened, dangerous creature around. By spending time getting an animal comfortable with humans' presence or with wearing a leash, zookeepers can earn its trust and cooperation to make necessary procedures easier. For instance, keepers at Chicago's Shedd Aquarium have trained their dolphins to submit to routine medical checks; the animals know it won't hurt much and there's a rub and a fish at the end.

The brighter species have given engineers an excuse to design gadgets for the nonhuman market. Otters get a bucket of clams mixed with ice cubes, which they dig through, roll around in, and chomp. Dolphins happily rest on a soft platform just beneath the water's surface, rub themselves with an anchored brush, or swim through streams of bubbles from a punctured air-hose. Primates play with ice and snow, staring at the cubes as they

melt. Gadgets have to be designed as if for toddlers, such that the customers won't eat them, with the added challenge of figuring out what each species would enjoy.

High-tech toys raise a new set of issues for animal engineers. The MIT Media Lab developed a set of "Pet Projects" to explore the use of technology by other species. Dr. Irene Pepperberg, trainer of Alex, one of only three parrots to attend MIT, experimented with a computer that a bird could use. Parrots have impressive dexterity with their opposable talons, but used their nut-cracking beaks to steer a piece of plastic as a joystick. The engineers remembered that a conventional video screen paints images at a rate designed for human eyes, and got an LCD screen instead. Even so, it was hard to get birds interested in music players and video games. Other projects included an attempt to get goldfish to swim towards a user-controlled light (probably doomed from the start), a videophone/food dispenser, and a remote-controlled "cat bat bot." At the zoo, how much would you pay to feed the tigers by steering a robot with meat attached? Designing machines for nonhumans forces us to think about both animal psychology and our assumptions about how we use machines ourselves.

Animal enrichment is a worthwhile issue to study for every species' sake. Animals need some form of entertainment to stay physically and mentally healthy when they're taken out of their natural environment, and animal health is not just an ethical concern but a way of keeping animals active enough to entertain. Enrichment also tells us something about ourselves: we, too, live in a very different environment from the one we evolved in. Can we find ways to keep ourselves sane? By learning better ways to care for animals in the absence of nature, we can improve life for them and for ourselves.

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# Summer Games

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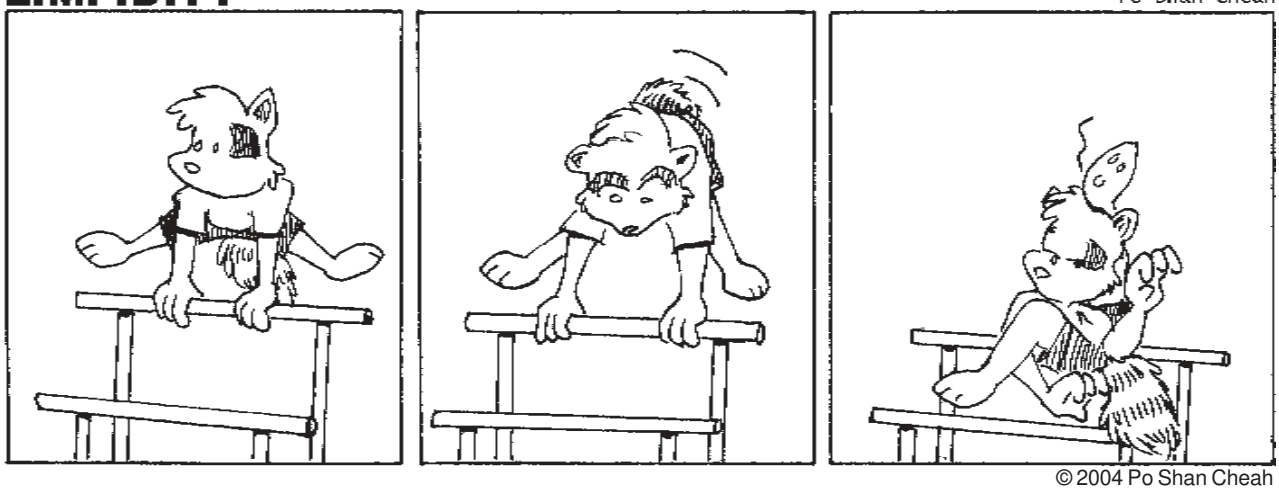
## LIMPIDITY

Po Shan Cheah



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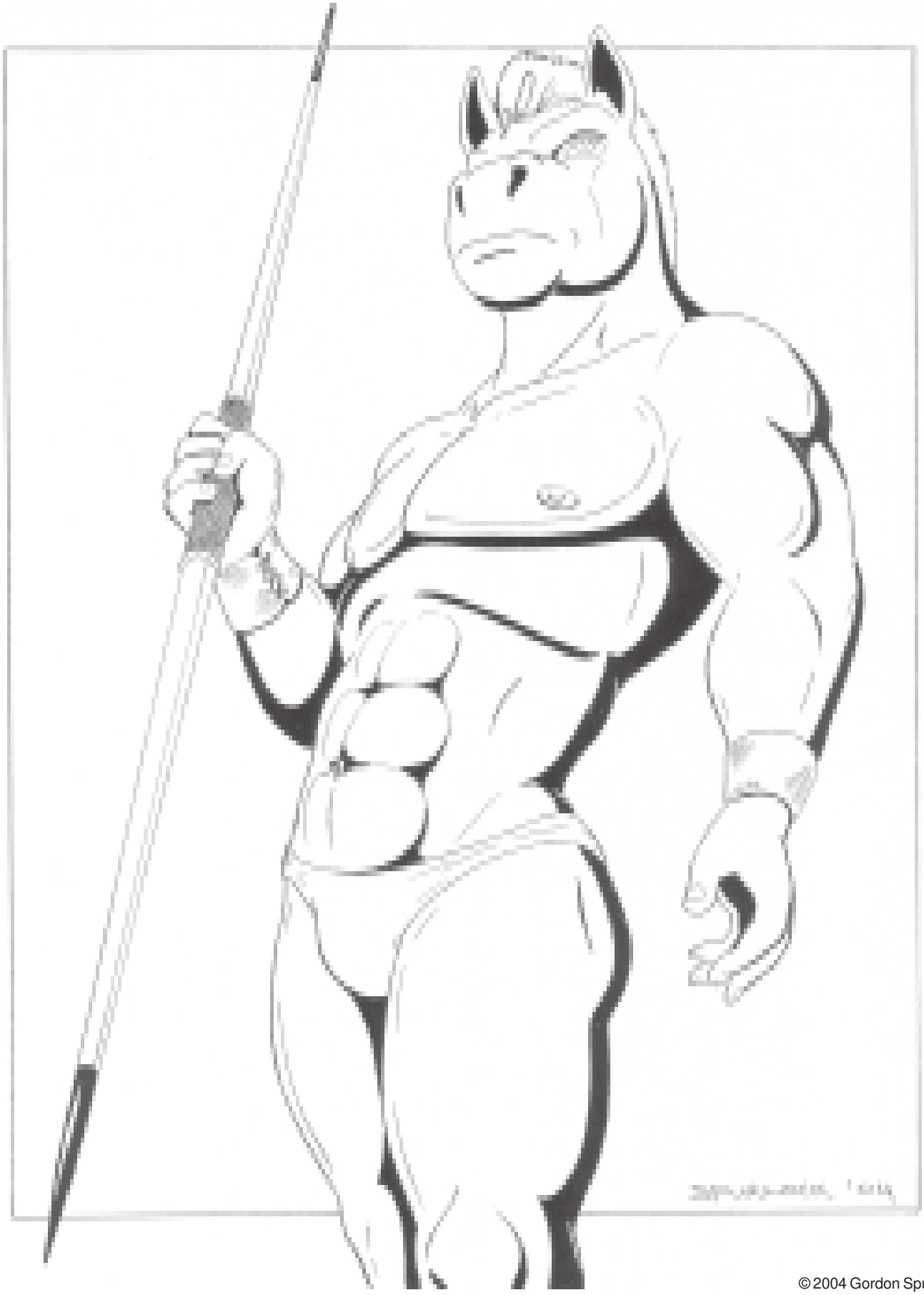

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# Summer Games

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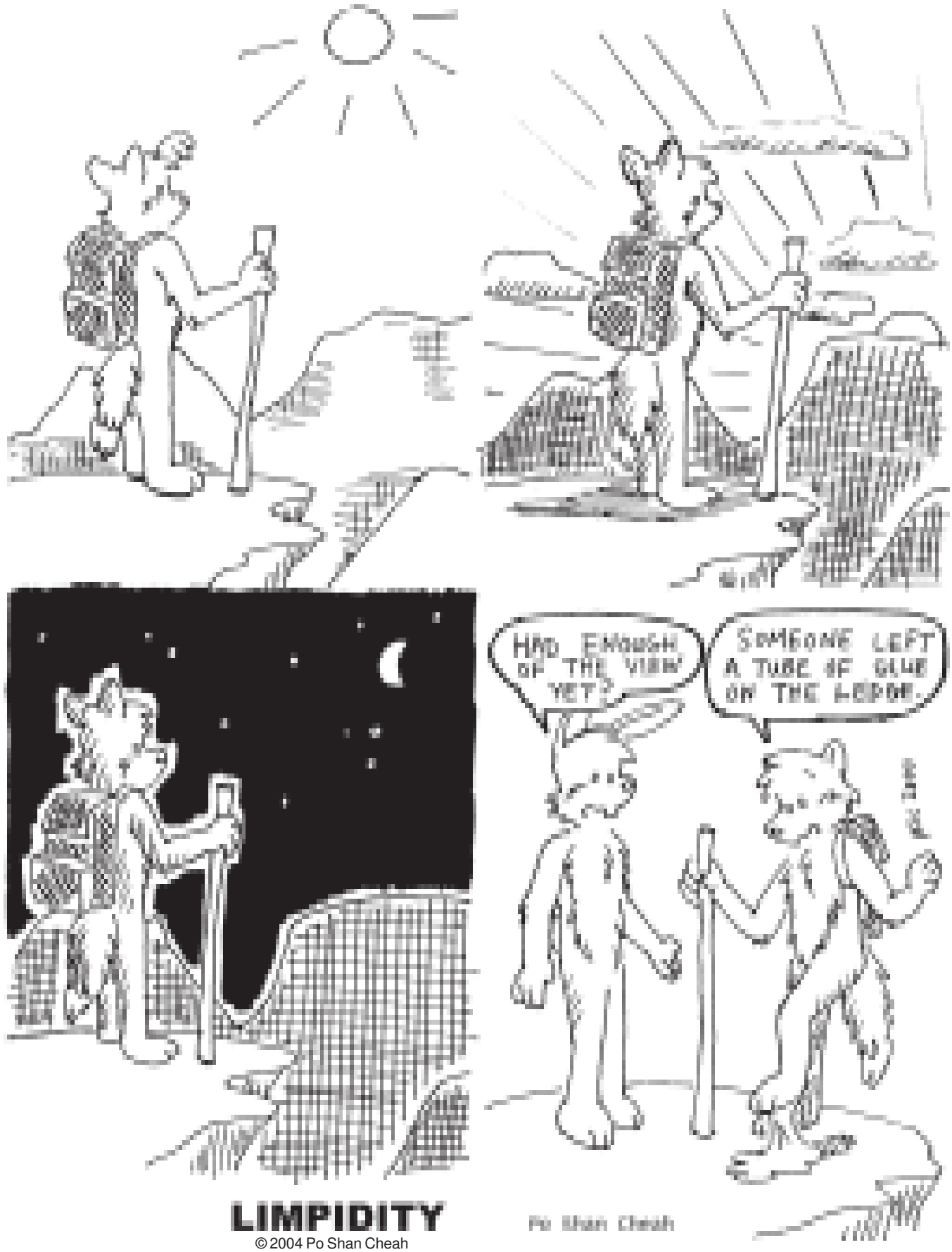


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# Headfirst

**Mark Neeley**

Stumblerhunt has its roots in actions once directed towards survival, as many sports do. From the period of ancient times, through the Middle Ages where many races merely tolerated and mutually exploited one another, to the modern period of true collaboration, few today think of how this sport developed. It would perhaps be offensive to some.

There are two teams with opposite goals. One is devoted to defense, the Homers, and the other team, the Attackers, moves about looking for weak points. At stake is the ownership of the "stumbler." This awkward, perhaps knee-high object is made of cloth, and usually has six or seven spikes that allow it semi-random motion if prodded or kicked. Primitive stumblers bear a striking resemblance to juvenile calves, but most think nothing of it.

There are various rules for personal fouls, illegal blocks, and illegal attacks; however, the majority of individuals new to the sport can appreciate it by understanding that the majority of the Home team is forced to stay within one of several concentric circles painted on the field. The Attacker team earns points by dragging the stumbler from the center of the circles to the outer rings, and will win if the stumbler is pulled out of bounds. The Homer team wins if the Attackers fail to earn a certain number of points per minute of play.

Though almost no one remembers how the sport developed, certain prejudices existed about the suitability of certain races for each of the teams. To be a good Homer, you had to be huge, and having antlers was a plus. You had to help create a defensive line around the stumbler by using your own body. To be a good Attacker, you had to be fast; most of the best players were wolves and coyotes. Several cats had ascended to the highest echelons of the game but usually had short careers, as they seldom worked well with their teams.

Centuries of preconceived notions about who ought to be on which side lent such strength to the status quo that almost no one would ever think of seeing their expectations violated. This is why, on the beginning of the first game of the district-wide tournament, silence struck the crowd as they saw Malvin City's starting lineup: Six wolves, two large dogs, and a goat.

The silence didn't last long; howls and bellows of disbelief and laughter came up from the spectators.

"Do you think he's any good? No, I'm sure he's Bah-ha-ha-ha-had!"

"Eat too many tin cans, you basket case? Maybe you bashed your head against the wall one too many times?"

"Hey, they brought their own stumbler! Painted it like a goat, imagine that!"

Some continued to shout whatever racial slurs came to mind. Others scanned through the program, trying to find out who this incredible individual was. Perhaps the goat was the team manager? Or maybe he was the water kid? It was possible that he was the referee, and just happened to be standing with the Attackers?

But no, the goat was truly a member of the team: Number 18, Robbie Jacks; a dim grey goat with golden horns, his jersey unmistakably identifying him as a member of the team. The majority of hecklers in the crowd refused to calm down even as the game began.

Jake Stade, one of the captains of the Homer team, eyed Robbie as he trotted around amongst the canines. Jake was a large bull, towering over his teammates and the opposition alike. His fur was dappled with white and black, but mostly concealed beneath a jersey proclaiming his city of origin. Seeing the goat at first amused him, but upon reflection it just seemed so laughable, so unimaginable, and vaguely traitorous, that the bull became angry. Jake snorted, pawing the ground, and continued tracking the goat.

Most games lasted for several hours, as the Attackers wore down the Homers and tried to remove them after certain numbers of personal fouls, and other more devious tricks. The bull kept his horns pointed at the small, fast goat. Jake could be patient, and he'd take great pains make sure things quite literally came to a head.

It was about this time that Robbie suddenly broke from the circling Attackers and ran straight for the inner circle. As if he knew the bull was eager to take him on, Robbie ran straight for Jake.

This made the bull secretly glad. The little traitor would get his comeuppance right away. Maybe after

he was gone, everyone could forget about this comical start to the game and the teams could get down to business.

The goat accelerated; the bull stood his ground and lowered his head to meet the impact. There was a resounding *crack*!

Then, a soft moan, and a thump as Jake Stade, the star of his team, fell onto his side with his eyes crossed. Some anonymous fan cried "Oh my sweet *Lord*!" and the rest of the spectators started screaming and yelling their shock, approval, disgust, anger and jubilation, depending on their home town.

Robbie "Iron Head" Jacks did it several more times, taking out five of the biggest defenders on the Homers, and allowed the rest of his team to essentially waltz in and make off with the stumbler. It was the shortest official game time on record for at least 5 years after.

What happened that day was no mere sports factoid. The ground breaking, and perhaps skull breaking, spirit embodied by Robbie Jacks began to appear in other individuals, as barriers so strong that no one even thought to penetrate them began to tumble down. Distinctions made by race persist and perhaps always will, but each generation has its share of those individuals headstrong enough to come charging at them and to knock them down.

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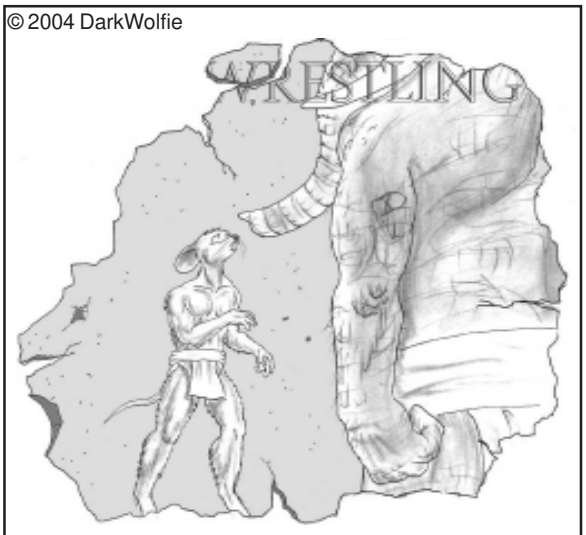
# Sights and Goals of Gold

**Ken Guthrie**

A stretch of track that normally would have seemed no more than a fraction of the bigger black circle, was now a barrier between Trin's starting position and his wanted destination. Divided into thin lanes by white lines, a sense of vertigo crept over the cheetah's mind as he gazed at the light blue ribbon fluttering in the breeze, marking the end of his race. Raising a paw to his face, he gently rubbed his eyes to try and ward off the dizziness filling his head. A deep breath in, then slowly letting it out, he took a moment to feel the expansion and collapse of his chest. The air flowed in smoothly through his mouth, then in equally silky streams out his nostrils. An image of his ancestors quickly raced into his mind, chasing off the unease he had been feeling.

In his mind, he watched the great beasts of the past crouch low in the amber grasses of the plains, watching steadily their prey move slowly and unaware. He could see their muscles bunched up, poised with energy, wanting release in some form. Their black speckled orange-yellow hides melding beautifully with their surroundings, not allowing an observer to know where the beast began and the field ended. In that time, all the world was a potential predator and every movement of the tall grasses in the wind was suspect of concealing the actions of a hunter. Trin felt himself slip down into the muscular form of his ancestor, their stances identical, though their bodies were separated by space and time. Both relative occurrences to a rational mind, but in the thoughts of a hunter and its game, such philosophical equations rarely came into consideration. Trin matched his breathing with that of his ancestor, still keeping his eyes closed in both his mind and body. Now, feeling the raw anticipation of a chase and the cleared mind of a hunter, he opened his eyes slowly to the world around him.




**Wrestling**

Unlike modern wrestlers, the wrestlers of the ancient Olympics were not divided into weight categories. Rubbed down with olive oil and covered in dust for better grip, the ancient wrestlers grappled until one of the competitors was forced to the ground. A match was broken into "falls" which were defined by a wrestler having his back or shoulders come into contact the ground. Stretching an opponent prone, binding him up into submission, or strangling him into submission were also considered falls. The first to make his opponent fall three times was the winner.

What he saw was amazingly different, like opening his eyes onto an alien world under a foreign light. His vision was that of monochromatic gold, as if someone had taken the world in front of him and embossed its image on the surface of the sun. There was a glow and shine around him that now blanketed the track, stadium, and every spectator who sat in the stands and watched the games unfold.

Yet Trin wasn't startled by the change. It felt right to him, familiar somehow, like the image of his ancestors hunting stealthily for their meal. The hunger, which drove them to the peak of their performance, now shone on his mind like sunny rays being reflected off a rippling pond. Its shivering pattern stilled his mind and let him finally see what needed to be done. The now golden ribbon fluttered only three hundred meters away, unaware that Trin was hunting it. He knew that the others lined up beside him sought that trophy too, but what they were going to do was of no concern to the cheetah now. Focusing his sight, he looked only at the finish line and waited for the call of the pistol to sound the start of the race. In those moments before a challenge begins, the battle is won or lost.

# The Game Of Honor

**Jon C. Crusoe**

The stars were streaks of light flashing past the view port as Toni stood looking at them. A hot breath teased the back of her neck, causing the hairs there to stand up in primitive reaction.

"Hi, T'rta," she said, turning to the wolf-like alien that was her friend.

The two had met years before when T'rta's ship had made a forced landing on Earth. Needing a replacement part, T'rta had sneaked into the city. She was by a hotel when Toni had stepped out of the fursuiter's lounge of a convention and had come face-to-face with the real Furry. After convincing T'rta that they weren't dangerous, Toni and a few others had then helped her and her crew get back into space.

Another visit to Earth had brought them into contact with some Marine pilots. The pilots had jumped at a chance for an orbital flight in T'rta's lander.

Now one pilot and a Marine gunnery sergeant were on board T'rta's ship with Toni. T'rta had invited them to represent Earth in two events of a Galactic version of the Olympics.

"You are liking starrs, grrlfriend?" asked T'rta, breaking into Toni's memories.

"They're beautiful. I never thought I'd ever get to go to another planet."

"Is morre than planet. Is differrent starr system, grrlfriend."

Toni looked again at the stars hurtling by, then sighed and turned away. The pair sat down in the observation lounge, T'rta carefully easing her tail through the hole provided in the seat back. "You have games on Earrth, you said? How like is?"

Toni took a sip of the drink that she had set down earlier. "They're primarily athletic competitions, along with certain skills like marksmanship. Pretty much like your games, parrarrt."

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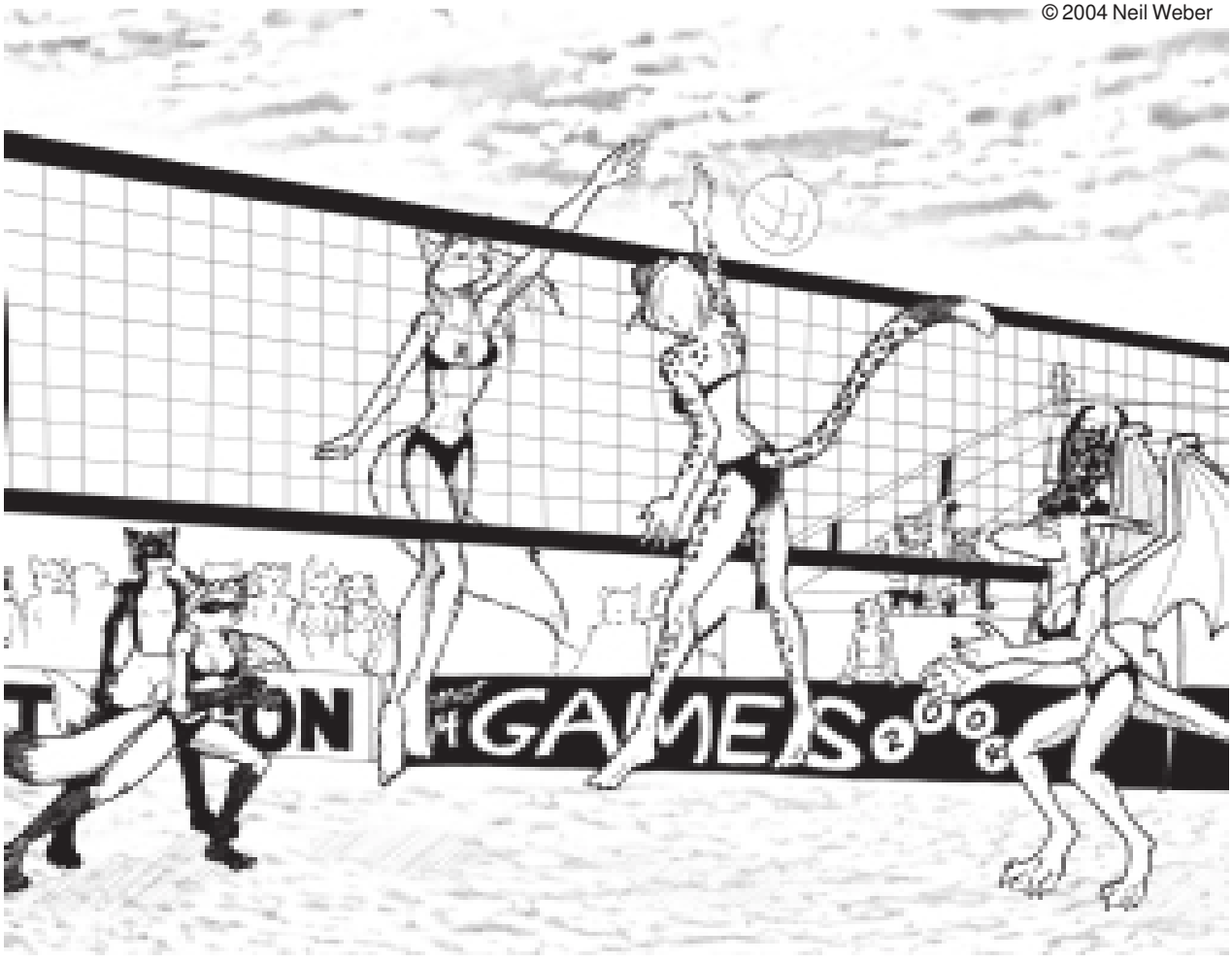

"Is good. Almost exactly rright you say grrlfriend now. Come. We find your team."

The pair was making their way down a corridor when Captain Jeff Arnold stepped through a hatch and almost bumped into them.

"Be watching it, jarrhead," growled T'rta jokingly. "How flying simulation?"

"I think I'm ready. I was just going to check on Gunny Thompson on the firing range."

Toni shook her head. "I still don't know why I'm the team's coach. I can't teach you guys anything."

"All teams have coach," answered T'rta. "Coach organizerr, not athlete. You *good* organizerr, so you coach."

Toni found out how right T'rta was when they arrived. The coach's job was to make sure that the team wasn't distracted from practice by anything.

This meant dealing with every problem from scheduling practice time to meals. Toni was exhausted by the time the games began.

Opening day with its ceremonial procession finally arrived and Toni found that every other team had a flag to carry in the parade. She went frantically running around to find something, anything, that could be used to identify her team.

Another coach lent her a spare staff, but the bird-like fellow couldn't offer any other help. No one else could help either, so she rejoined her team with a bare pole over her shoulder.

"Whoa, what's got you down, coach?" asked Arnold.

She blurted out the problem and stood stunned as they started laughing. "Okay," she said. "Do you two want to let me in on the joke?"

Thompson took out an American flag and began tying it onto the staff. His face broke into a grin as he said, "I always carry one in case we ever have to take Mount Suribachi again."

As they marched into the arena, the crowd welcomed the new arrivals with cheers. Toni scanned the stands for T'rta and found her on the front row, wildly waving to get her attention.

Thompson's event was the next day. Toni walked him over to the firing range. "Think you'll do okay with *these* rifles, Gunny?"

"No problem. They're lasers, so there's no recoil and I don't have to figure windage. If I can see the target, I can hit it."

Toni reached into her shoulder bag and took out the folded flag. "Just in case you need it," she said.

Arnold didn't need anything when his competition began. His craft sped through the course without hesitation. The spectators watched the race on giant view screens below, but the coaches watched from a ship in orbit.

Watching Arnold speed through the rings that marked the course, Toni's knuckles whitened on her armrests.

Another coach, who resembled a Kodiak bear, chuckled over his translator, "Relax. Is pilot's time now, not coach's."

"Thanks," Toni replied, and loosened her grip as Arnold pulled up next to the bear's pilot.

When they moved to pass through the final, off-set ring to complete the race, Arnold slowed to adjust his ship. The other didn't slow, but used a side-slipping maneuver and boosted through a full half-second sooner.

Arnold landed and ran across the landing bay to pump the bear's paw in congratulations. The other might not have known the gesture, but its meaning was clear and the other paw clapped the Marine's shoulder.

While Arnold came in second, Thompson had a perfect score in his event, giving him first place. Toni stood behind them in turn, holding the flag as their medals were hung around their necks.

The announcer called for the last award to be made, and Toni looked at T'rta in amazement. "Medals for *coaches*?"

"Coach parrt of team, grrlfriend. Team not function without coach."

One of T'rta's people draped the highest medal over Toni's shoulders. "Newcomerrs *neverr* win in events firrst time. You best coach."

"Man, I can't believe it's all over," said Arnold on the way home.

Toni stretched and said, "It's not, you know. T'rta told me that the races competing count honor and fair play as the ultimate proofs of intelligence. We just became people."

"Is trrue," said T'rta. "This you prrove at games."

"We're people all right," affirmed Toni and held up her medal on its ribbon. The light reflecting from it streaked across her vision like the stars ahead of them.

# Remember Steroids?

**Allen Kitchen (Shockwave)**

Malcolm McDuff walked through the double doors of the Olympic Hotel's largest corporate meeting room and sat down at the head of the ornate, darkly stained wooden table. He tried his best to ignore the argument already underway between the two men at the conference table. He glanced to his left and to his right once.

The Chinese delegate was dressed in a gray and black three piece business suit. The only sign of color on him was the red from his enraged face. And sitting across from him was the American delegate to the Olympic Committee. The American wore a button-down blue dress shirt and a cowboy hat. The veins in his neck throbbed and his teeth were clenched as he looked about ready to leap across the table.

"So. I gather there's a wee bit of conflict here?" Malcolm asked. He turned to face the Chinese. "Chen, you have a complaint about the American Olympic team?"

Chen nodded and pointed an accusing finger toward his counterpart.

"It is as I said in my formal written challenge," he yelled. "The vile Westerners have cheated in this, the Olympic Games!"

Malcolm nodded sagely then turned to the American. "And what do you have to say to that charge, Rodney?" he asked.

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"Cheetah Runner" Audrey Walker '04

Rodney pointed back at Chen. "I ain't done nuthin' that he and his commie buds ain't done!" he yelled back. "If'n I'm a cheat, then so is he."

"That's not true. We are not guilty of crimes against nature, as you and your government are."

"Go sell it someplace else, cuz we ain't buyin' here."

Malcolm held up both hands to the arguing men. "Gentlemen. Gentlemen, please. Yelling and screaming won't solve anything. Have you two forgotten what the Olympics are all about? Creating a place where men can compete without any complications or influences like religion and politics?"

"That is exactly the point," Chen added. "The Olympics are for men and women. Not for those... things that the Americans brought to the track meet."

Rodney slapped his palm down. "See, there you go again!" he bellowed. "Ain't nuthin' wrong with our track and field team."

"They aren't men. They are animals!"

"Now what makes you say that?"

Chen narrowed his eyes. "They have four feet and hooves!" he hissed. "What would you call them?"

"Since they also got a man's torso and arms, not to mention brains, I'd call it a Centaur," Rodney proudly said. "A great feat of genetic modification, done right here in the good old fashioned U S of A."

"You see?" Chen protested to Malcolm, "He admits his guilt!"

"Gentlemen..." Malcolm said, rubbing his temples with his forefingers.

"Guilt?" Rodney was hopping mad now. "Ain't no guilt involved, here. And if'n there is, then you are just as guilty!"

"Gentlemen..." Malcolm repeated, trying to will his headache away.

"Leave it to an American lawyer to be caught red handed, but still insist that he is innocent!"

"Leave it to a red to complain about what the other side is doing, all while doing the same thing themselves. You complain about our track team being genetically created centaurs. But what about your swim team? Huh? What about them?"

Chen stared blankly ahead. "I don't know what you mean," he said plaintively.

"Son, there ain't no way you gonna convince me that all them people was born with fins instead of legs! Right handy to have mermaids in a swim team, don't you reckon?"

Chen raised himself to an arrogant height. "Our swim team is the product of genetic adaptation techniques; not gross manipulation or perversion such as your government performs."

Rodney shook his head. "My pappy taught me that when it sounds like a pig, looks like a pig and stinks like a pig, then it's either a pig, or a commie."

Chen's face darkened deeper yet. "Watch your tongue, American," he warned. "You wouldn't want your track and field team to have an unfortunate accident while passing by the Elmer's Glue factory, now would you?"

Rodney pulled out his cell phone and held it up for Chen to see. "I'm warning you; I got the phone number to Mrs. Paul on speed dial! You like sushi, son?"

Malcolm slapped his hand down forcibly on the table. The sharp retort made both Rodney and Chen jump and spin about towards him. He glared angrily at both of them.

"That will do, you two!" he fumed. "Listen to you, bickering back and forth about who is guilty of what, going round like a couple of schoolchildren when the fact is you *both* have created teams of new, mutated life forms to win your particular events. You took something as powerful and wondrous as genetic manipulation and used it to win trophies—might as well use hand grenades to swat flies!

"Chen, your mer-people have set records in every swim competition except in diving. And no, I don't believe the official explanation that you found the lost city of Atlantis in the waters outside of Shanghai."

Malcolm then turned from the suddenly nervous Chen and toward Rodney again. "And you! Trying to pass off an entire team of twenty-four centaurs as victims of some terrible lab accident—who the heck do you think you're fooling? Unlike some of your creations, I wasn't born yesterday!

"You cheated, both of you. And your complaints about the other strike me as hypocrisy of the highest order. You've both demanded that I eliminate the other team from competition, strip them of their medals and eliminate their records from the history books. And I have half a mind to do just that... to both teams!"

Chen and Rodney glanced back and forth nervously. "Both?" Chen asked.

"Wasn't countin' on that," Rodney glumly agreed. "I don't suppose there's some way we can avoid that, is there? Be a shame if we both came home empty handed."

Malcolm picked up his briefcase and stood up again. "Oh, don't worry about that," he said in a suddenly cheerful voice. The sick smile and sudden change of tone was scary. "I'm going to do the worst thing I can think of to you two; I'm going to let the records and the medals stand as they are!"

Chen looked surprised and his eyes widened. "All of the records stand as they are?" he said.

Rodney appeared just as taken aback as his cohort. "Don't see how that's a bad thing, really."

Malcolm's unhealthy grin widened.

"Why, it's simple, you two," he explained. "I'm doing it to set a precedent. By recognizing the claims of both the centaurs and the mer-people you two have created, the Olympics are recognizing them as being human. And to break the records you two boneheads have set this week, you both will have to create still more and better centaurs and mer-folk in the years ahead."

Malcolm leaned over the table. "And eventually, when your new toys get tired of being your playthings and slaves, why, then they are going to rise up against you and your societies, both. They will demand recognition of their basic human rights, which will be bolstered by their being recognized as human beings by the Olympic committee here today."

He picked up his briefcase and turned away from the two stunned men at the table. "So gentlemen, you now have a choice. You can drop your little experiments and leave some world records in place that no two legged person can beat. Or you can continue on and create the races which will one day revolt against and overthrow you." Malcolm stopped at the door and turned back one last time.

"What'll it be, gents?" he asked. "Stopping this and earning a footnote in the history books, or being ground to dust like countless madmen in history before? You tried to find a shortcut to strength and you got lost following it. Well, now you are at a fork in the road and it is time to decide what you are going to do. Take some time to think it over. After all, your lives and the lives of your children depend upon what you decide."

With that, Malcolm spun around and stormed out of the room, slamming the oversized doors contemptuously behind him.

# Surfing Lessons

**Erika Leigh Rosengarten**

As he sat in his hammock, Rollie Mutt remembered spending last summer taking his first surfing lesson. On the Island of Oahu, Hawai'i he visited his local friend, Beach Bunny. She worked at a local surf shop and knew just where to get started.

"Rollie! Today's the day for your first surfing lesson," Beach Bunny said. "We'll stop by the Surf Shop to pick out boards."

The walls of the surf shop were full of surf boards and scuba gear. Rollie picked out a medium size orange board covered with a white hibiscus flower pattern.

Beach Bunny brought their boards to the front desk where a scarlet macaw in a loud aloha shirt checked them out. "Going surfing today?" asked the clerk.

Beach Bunny smiled. "Yes, today's Rollie's first lesson."

"Oh?" said the clerk. "Good luck! The waves are perfect." Beach Bunny waved and thanked him as the pair set on their way.

Lots of beach goers were out in the sun and surfers shredding waves. Rollie looked curiously at the strange leash in his paw attached to his board. "What's this?" he asked.

Beach Bunny held hers up. "It's so you won't lose your board. You put it on your ankle incase you 'wipe out' or fall off your board."

"Gotcha," he replied.

Beach Bunny and Rollie walked to the shoreline along side their boards. "Now, lie on your tummy and doggie-paddle with me."

Rollie nodded and paddled out into the ocean until the shore grew much smaller. "This doesn't seem so hard," he thought. "What's next?"

"Now, you need to wait for a wave."

As Rollie waited, a gull with a red band around its leg landed on his board. "Shoo!" he shouted, but the gull stood still.

Just as Rollie tried to push the gull away, a large wave crept up from behind and covered him. Beach Bunny paddled closer and looked at the up-turned board. "Aren't you glad you wore your leash?"

Clinging to his board, Rollie peeled a starfish off of his drenched muzzle. "Gee, thanks," he replied in a muffled voice.

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Rollie climbed back onto his board and sat up. "When a wave comes along, try to stand up and balance your body. That's surfing," she said. Shortly afterwards, an even bigger wave crept up. He began to clench his board as the water started to rise.

His ears and tongue flapped in the cool breeze. He closed his eyes and began to spread his arms out wide...only to catch a gull with a red band on its leg in mid air. "Aru?" he said, staring puzzled at the bird and neglecting the approaching shoreline. The board reached the shoreline, along with the pup head-first into a sandcastle.

Beach Bunny kneeled over him. She helped him back to his feet and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I think so," he said, "but gulls are so sneaky and dangerous."

Rollie brushed himself off and spied the gull out in the distance of the ocean shore. He squinted his eyes. "I'm going in." He leaped into the water and padded as fast as he could out towards the lazy gull. "Gotcha!" he shouted, snatching the gull. Then his ears began to

perk up. He turned around to see a large flock of sea gulls close behind him.

The pup paddled as hard as he could trying to escape the dive bombing birds. Then suddenly, he stood up on his board and started to surf!

"Hey! You're doing... wha?" Beach Bunny said puzzled, watching the crazy birds chasing her friend. Reaching the shore, Rollie leaped off of his board. Not a second later he drove it into the sand just in time to see ten angry beaks poking through his board.

Beach Bunny stood next to the panting pup. "Wow. That was incredible!" she said. "Do you think you'll keep surfing?"

"Probably," he replied. "I like surfing, but for my next lesson I think I'm going to try learning how to roller blade. I heard chasing squirrels is safer."

Rollie closed his photo album and thought to himself. "Yes, definitely squirrels...or cats. Maybe cats."

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# Anthrocon 2004 Standards of Conduct

The primary purpose of Anthrocon is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective we must establish these standards of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of a small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention.

Speaking of atmosphere: smoking is permitted only in designated sleeping rooms. Under no circumstances will smoking be permitted in any convention function or area, nor is it permitted in the halls outside of Anthrocon function areas. The hotel respectfully requests that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the hotel's doors and entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

While we will make our best effort to keep the convention membership informed, Anthrocon reserves the right to amend these rules at any time without prior or posted notice. If you have any questions, please contact the convention operations staff, and they will assist you.

**General Rating of the Convention**

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphics fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. Public spaces open to any Hotel patrons will be considered to be under a "PG" rating at all times. Daytime programming will be open to and appropriate for all members. In the evenings there are occasional events or performances in which strong language may be employed or issues of a mature nature may be discussed. Minors are not permitted to attend those events noted by the programming staff to be for "mature audiences only" unless in the company of a parent or legal guardian.

Anyone found to be violating the public rating, such as by the public display of inappropriate artwork, wearing unacceptably revealing clothing, acting in an overtly lewd or lascivious manner (see PDAs below), etc. will be issued a polite warning and will have his or her con badge marked. A second offense will result in confiscation of the badge and denial of entry to all further official convention events. Blatant and obviously intentional breaches of the rules may result in immediate revocation of membership. Remember that the rules are in place to ensure the comfort of all Anthrocon members, a responsibility which Anthrocon's staff takes very seriously.

Regardless of any posted or understood rating of convention functions, no actions may be taken or items displayed or used during Anthrocon that are illegal under Federal, State or Local laws.

**Attendance by Minors**

Anthrocon strives to maintain an environment that is safe and enjoyable for all members of all ages; we cannot, however, take responsibility for the actions of individual members, neither will we assume responsibility for those who are the legal responsibility of someone else. A minor, defined as a person under the age of 18 years of age who has not been legally emancipated from his or her parents, must either be accompanied at all times by a parent or legal guardian, or present a signed and notarized statement (available on Anthrocon's web page or from the registration department) indicating parental permission to attend unchaperoned. Even with such permission, minors will not be permitted to attend any events intended for mature audiences unless accompanied by a parent or legal guardian.

In the past, minors have attempted to enter the convention under false pretenses or by forging documentation. In these instances, Anthrocon has no choice but to remand the minor in question to the custody of the local police.

**Public Displays of Affection (PDAs)**

We are a friendly and close-knit community. Kissing, hugging, holding hands and similar activities among consenting adults are certainly allowed in all Anthrocon-sponsored areas. We ask that common sense be used, however, when displaying affection for your special other. Remember that not everyone has the same feelings regarding what is acceptable in public and it would behoove us as a community to be sensitive to the feelings of those around us. Two good general rules to follow at Anthrocon are:

*If it is something that would be frowned upon in the local shopping mall, then don't do it.*

and

*"NO means NO."*

Please be courteous and understanding. If you feel that you must display deep affection for another in a physical fashion, please do so in the privacy of a hotel room. Anthrocon security will not hesitate to ask a party to desist if that party's behavior is considered inappropriate for a public area or is patently annoying to other parties. Such admonishments are difficult for us and are an embarrassment to the party in question, so kindly do not make us take such action.

**Public Exposure—Indecent and Otherwise**

At the request of the Adam's Mark management, we must ask that shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear be worn when in the lobby of the hotel, in any restaurant, or when traveling to and from the pool area. Bathing suits in the lobby are not considered to be appropriate attire, even if you are only passing through. Please utilize the changing rooms in the pool area. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all areas of the hotel except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided that the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the pool area due to concerns for the safety of the costumer.

Any person who publicly exposes a part of the body whose display constitutes "indecent exposure" under Pennsylvania state law (and you know what they are) will be given a single warning and asked to correct the situation immediately. Upon further violation or failure to correct the matter, the perpetrator's membership to Anthrocon will be revoked and the authorities will be summoned immediately.

Attendees, when in public areas, may not wear clothing which is overtly revealing or inappropriate to the atmosphere of the convention. The latter includes fetish-related garb and accoutrements. Collars are acceptable and are worn by numerous attendees as a fashion statement, but leashes attached thereunto are not.

**Long Jump**

The only jumping competition practiced by the ancient Olympians, the long jump was far different from the modern version. Swinging weights of stone or metal called *halteres* before them, the athletes would jump and throw the weights backward to increase their distance while in flight. In this manner, distances of up to 55 feet were recorded. It is not known if the weights were used for other purposes.

**Weapons Policy**

To ensure the safety of all those attending the convention, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who has questions about this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security.

No weapons or any item that can be easily mistaken for one may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space. If you have anything you would like to carry with you that you feel may come into conflict with these rules, please ask permission of the Chief of Security first. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade and during convention-sponsored costuming events at the discretion of the Masquerade Director, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event. If you have any questions as to the permissibility of a prop for your masquerade performance, please contact the Masquerade Director prior to the convention.

An exception will be made for folding pocket knives such as Swiss Army knives provided they contain no double-edged blades and no blade longer than four inches (which would make them illegal in Pennsylvania). If at any time these items are held or used in such a way that would be construed as threatening, however, they will be considered weapons.

**NOTE:** Items such as sword-canes and bali-song (butterfly) knives which may be legal to own and carry in some states are not permitted in Pennsylvania and thus may not be brought to Anthrocon. Kindly leave them home. No firearms, real or replica, are to be carried, openly or concealed. This includes BB or pellet guns, cap guns, or any other item which bears a close

resemblance to any firearm, modern or antique. Air-soft weapons and squirt guns may NOT be employed within the interior of the hotel. For reasons of public safety, no laser-pointers, laser-aiming or similar devices may be used in public, save for a legitimate purpose such as a seminar, display, or other convention-sanctioned event.

The designation "security-approved" will be given to individual items at the sole discretion of the Chief of Security. This designation may be revoked at any time at the discretion of the Chief of Security if the item is being used or brandished in an inappropriate fashion or if complaints are received regarding its display.

**EXCEPTIONS:** Certain items otherwise prohibited above may be carried if and only if:

a. The item has been presented in advance to security for inspection; and
b. The item has been cleared to be used in this event; and
c. The item has been clearly tagged and peace-bonded prior to the event; and
d. The person is escorted from the place the item is being stored, by an authorized security person to the event; and
e. The item remains peace-bonded and/or tagged throughout the event; and
f. The item is returned by the owner/user under escort of an authorized security person, to the place of storage IMMEDIATELY at the conclusion of the event.

The weapons noted above are not meant to constitute an exhaustive list of those items which are not to be carried at Anthrocon. In short, it is to be repeated that except in the specific situations noted, NO weapons or weapon replicas will be permitted without the prior approval of the Chief of Security. Brandishing any weapon, real or replica, is not permissible. Brandishing is defined as the display of an item for the purpose of real or implied threat. The intent of the brandisher is irrelevant under the law and the brandishing of any weapon will be treated as an assault upon another person. Demonstrations of swordplay using either real or simulated swords (such as bokken) in public areas constitute a danger to passersby and will be considered "brandishing."

Those licensed in Pennsylvania to carry any of the above-mentioned or similar items will be asked to secure said items at a location other than in convention areas. If they are subsequently found to be carrying any of these items at any location associated with the convention, they will be asked immediately to leave the premises. If not licensed, the offender will also be reported to the local authorities.

**Sales of merchandise**

The offering for sale of any merchandise at the convention may be undertaken only in the Dealers' room, in the Art Show and in Artists' Alley; in all cases the sale will be governed by the rules applicable to those areas. Please note that it is illegal by both hotel and local regulations to sell merchandise or services in any area of the hotel or grounds not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation," and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

**Posting of announcements, flyers, etc.**

Anthrocon provides a message board in a public area where members may post messages, place announcements for get-togethers, etc. Since the message board is in a public area, please do not post anything that may reflect poorly on the convention as a whole. The staff reserves the right to remove any posted materials that are considered inappropriate.

Do *not* affix anything to the walls of the hotel or elevators. Hotel staff are authorized to remove any unauthorized postings on sight. Likewise, please do not affix any postings, or deface in any way, the directional signs placed by Anthrocon. These cost money and are easily damaged by tape being placed upon them.

The Adams Mark will make a special allowance for signs placed on sleeping rooms' doors, in deference to our community's tradition, provided that those signs are affixed with either masking or Scotch tape. Please do not use thumbtacks, pins, or tape that will mar the finish on the door.

**Disorderly Conduct**

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there are other guests staying or dining at the hotel who are not members of the convention. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with Hotel security personnel. If you are requested to quiet down or to cease engaging in a certain behavior, please do so immediately. It will make the convention much more

pleasant for all parties involved. "Disorderly conduct" includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance or disruption of any convention or hotel function.

A very small number of individuals who have engaged in disruptive behavior in the past have had their membership privileges revoked and are not permitted to attend the convention. We ask that our members respect such a decision, which is always made after careful consideration by the entire Board of Directors. Deliberate attempts to circumvent this restriction by facilitating the transportation, housing or attendance by an individual known to be unwelcome at the convention constitute "disorderly conduct" and will be addressed in the appropriate fashion.

Y'KNOW, KABEMUSHI, WHEN YOU SAID "CARRYIN' A TORCH," I THOUGHT YOU MEANT--
YEAH, YEAH. JUST KEEP RUNNING, FUZZ-FACE!
PHILADELPHIA
"DEEZER WOLF" ©2004 BY JOHN "THE SNEECH" ROBEY
WWW.SUBURBANJUNGLE.COM • UNCLE KABE ©2004 HIS OWN SELF!

Hotel security personnel are empowered by Anthrocon to confiscate your con badge if you do not comply with hotel rules or directives. If this occurs you must take up the issue with the Chief of Security or with the Chairman.

The hotel has asked us to conform to a few house rules and we thank everyone for following them. These rules are as follows:

- No loitering on the stairways or in the stairwells. This means keep moving. Do not plan on chatting in the stairways. This is a safety issue ordered by the City Fire Marshall.
- No horseplay or goofing off on stairways. This, too, is a safety issue.
- No roughhousing in or around either of the pools.
- No sleeping in the lobby, the meeting rooms or the Zoo. Get a room, please!
- Requests for room amenities such as towels and pillows beyond the number that is reasonable and customary for a single room will not be honored. Kindly bring such extra items from home if they are expected to be required.

**Respect for Hotel Property (including elevators)**

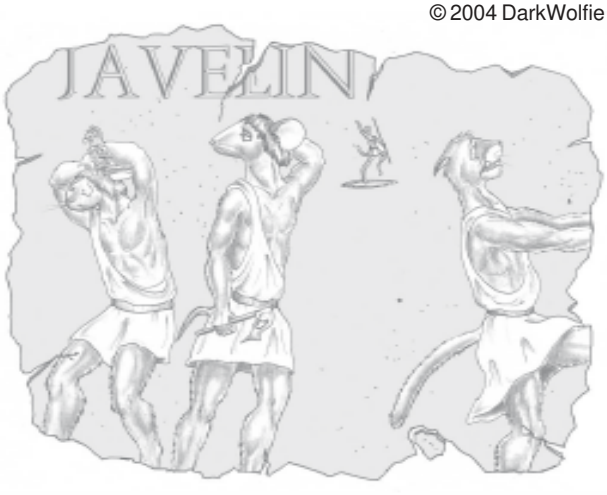
As guests of the hotel, Anthrocon members should be mindful not to cause damage to any hotel property, whether in public hallways, meeting rooms or in sleeping rooms. The elevators bear a particular amount of stress during our convention, and we ask that the following rules be observed:

- Do not attempt to force the elevator doors or hold them open long enough for the alarm to sound.
- Please follow the proper traffic flow (posted by signs) in the main lobby.
- The *maximum* number of people in any one elevator is ten. Fewer may be called for if the car appears to be overburdened.
- If possible, we strongly recommend members consider taking the stairs for short trips (such as two flights up, or three flights down).

**Harassment (All Types, Including Sexual)**

This includes but is not limited to: striking, shoving, kicking, any unwanted physical contact, threatening to do any of the above or following someone around a public place without a legitimate reason or in a threatening or intimidating manner. Please remember, if someone tells you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. Leave them alone. Do not follow them or make them uneasy in any way. Any complaint in regards to harassment shall be dealt with in accordance with Convention policy. A maximum of one warning will be given.

Anthrocon is dedicated to providing a safe and comfortable convention experience for everyone; it is not, however, responsible for solving the interpersonal problems that may arise between individual members. In general, we can take no action to prevent a person from attending the convention unless that person has made a specific and credible threat involving the convention itself. Anthrocon does not provide a bodyguard service nor can we guarantee the special protection of any one person. If you feel that a credible threat exists against your person, we advise you to seek a restraining order against the individual who poses such a threat and to present it to the chairman in advance of the convention; otherwise, we recommend simply avoiding that individual. If that individual stalks, harasses, or assaults you at the convention itself, you may report that individual to a member of the security team or to an Anthrocon staff member and the appropriate action will be taken. Conversely, any attempt to have an innocent person removed from the convention by falsely accusing him or her of threats will be itself treated as an act of harassment and will be dealt with appropriately. The responsibility for settling interpersonal disputes lies solely with the individuals involved, and Anthrocon will not tolerate being used as a leveraging point in such disputes.




**Javelin**

Born from a weapon of war, the javelin of the ancient Olympics was approximately six feet long, made of wood and tipped with metal, and wrapped around the center with a strip of leather to aid in throwing. Although there is little information on the distance ancient athletes were able to throw the javelin, distances of up to 300 feet are feasible. Despite the popularity of javelin throwing, catching them never caught on.

**Assault/Menacing/Trapping**

Assault is defined as any physical contact done with the intent to cause physical injury, or actions of a reckless nature (i.e., rough horseplay, etc.) that cause physical injury to another person. These are legally punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

Menacing is defined as when, by physical or verbal means, a person intentionally places or attempts to place another person in fear of death or imminent physical injury. Menacing is also punishable by fines and/or imprisonment.

Trapping is exactly the same as unlawful imprisonment. It is a misdemeanor to stop someone from leaving an area or confining someone against their will. This means that if someone says "let me out," you let him or her out or you may find yourself locked up instead.

Any person engaging in the above activities will be removed from the convention and possibly barred from attending in the future as well. If any person or persons assaults, menaces or traps any convention staff member, Anthrocon Inc. will press charges to the fullest extent of the law, both criminally and civilly. Anyone found guilty by a court of law of any of the above actions will be barred from future Anthrocon events.

**Substance Abuse**

Anthrocon takes a dim view of the sale or use of illegal narcotics or other controlled substances, which are considered to have no place at the convention. For the safety and comfort of our members, any individual noted to be visibly intoxicated or otherwise under the influence of mind-altering substances will be asked to retire to a private hotel room until the effects have passed. No further action will be taken if the party in question agrees to retire.

The sale or other distribution of any controlled substances will not be tolerated, nor will any warnings be given. Any individual found to be distributing

intoxicating substances will be subject to immediate and permanent revocation of Anthrocon membership and will be reported directly to the Philadelphia Police. The sole exceptions to this rule are bottled alcoholic beverages, which in Pennsylvania may legally be given as gifts (but not sold by unlicensed individuals). Anthrocon asks that such beverages be consumed in the privacy of a hotel room and not taken into any convention function or function space. **Please note an important caveat involving minors:** Anyone knowingly *or unknowingly* providing alcohol to anyone under the age of 21 (the legal drinking age in Pennsylvania) will be removed from both the convention and the hotel and will be reported to the authorities. It is the sole responsibility of persons serving alcohol in room parties to ensure that every person in attendance is over the age of 21, even if that person is not drinking alcohol. The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board is extremely serious about this law and we ask our members to respect it.

**Use of video or audio footage**

Anthrocon members are welcome to record their memories of the convention for their own personal use. Additionally there is a chance that Anthrocon members may end up with their likeness in the Convention highlights video or similar media productions produced by Anthrocon. To account for this and to protect members from exploitation by unscrupulous parties, the following rules have been implemented.

For the purposes of this section the term "recording" is representative of any media capturing medium or devices, audio, visual or otherwise.

Anthrocon, Inc. (hereafter Anthrocon) retains the rights to all recordings of the convention. Individual members are allowed private use of any recording they have personally recorded at the convention. Public broadcast of a recording of any part of the convention is prohibited without written permission from Anthrocon. The sole exception to this rule involves still photos. Anthrocon permits (and encourages) members to share photographs of their convention experience on personal web pages. Video and audio recordings, however, may not be made available on the internet without written permission from Anthrocon.

- Members may not seek out or interview other members for the creation of a publicly-available recording without written permission of Anthrocon.
- Members may not portray themselves as representative of or use the name of Anthrocon in any recording (both at the convention or elsewhere) without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members may not offer for broadcast or distribution any recording that includes the imagery of Anthrocon without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members must agree that for any recording which includes the imagery of Anthrocon they assign ALL related rights, compensations and royalties from the usage of said recording to Anthrocon.
- Individual members agree to assign without compensation the use of their likeness(es) at Anthrocon for the use of promotional material such as the highlights videos.
- Any recording that is made by Anthrocon in a setting that offers a reasonable expectation of privacy (such as in a hotel-room or non-public party or area) will not be used without the member's written permission.
- Parties interested in making recordings for public interest should contact the Chairman for further information.
- Under no circumstances will members be permitted to film items displayed in the art show. Cameras and other recording devices must be checked at the art show entrance. Anthrocon assumes no responsibility for checked items.

**Payments to the Convention**

Please note that Anthrocon is a 501(c)7 nonprofit organization. As such, donations to the organization are *not* deductible from individual U.S. Federal income taxes.

Anthrocon is pleased to accept personal checks. Checks that are presented against insufficient funds, however, must be charged a fee of $30 (as of January 1, 2004) per check.

Anthrocon also accepts a variety of credit cards as payment. We will attempt to resolve any dispute involving a credit card payment to Anthrocon in an amicable fashion. Chargebacks (denying payment to a credit card company for a specific charge) that are made for the sole purpose of avoiding payment, that are made

without sufficient cause, or that are made without first attempting to resolve the dispute with Anthrocon may result in permanent revocation of membership privileges and possible legal action.

Members who have an outstanding balance due to Anthrocon will be asked to settle that balance before being permitted to attend the convention.

Anthrocon cannot involve itself in disputes between customers and dealers or between individual members, and cannot divulge information about an individual member to any party other than banking officials or legal authorities.

**Miscellaneous notes**

Anthrocon is a private organization and membership therein is a privilege, not a right. Anthrocon, Inc. reserves the right to deny membership to any individual at any time for any reason.

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon will be strictly enforced by Anthrocon security volunteers who will be clearly identified as such on site. Enforcement will be very simple; your first offense will result in a mark on your con badge and a warning. The second offense will result in the confiscation of your badge and the revocation of all con privileges without a refund. In cases of malicious intent or direct infraction of the above guidelines, or the laws of the country or state, a warning may be bypassed.

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Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon for the duration of the convention, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Staff member you may take the matter up with the Chief of Security or Anthrocon's Chairman. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on partygoers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guest rooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented. Please note that if Anthrocon is provided with sufficient evidence to suggest that illegal activities, particularly those that may cause harm to another person or to the well-being of the convention as a whole, will be taking place in a hotel room, we have both a civic and a moral responsibility to report such information to the appropriate authorities.

Please be reminded that these rules involve, of course, "worst-case" scenarios and are put into place to ensure the safety and comfort of our members. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation and for their continued assistance in making this a safe and enjoyable experience for everyone. Have fun—just please remember to be courteous of those around you while doing so!

*—Dr. Samuel Conway*
*Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.*
*ceo@anthrocon.org*

# Staff Bios

**Matt Adey (Danruk)**
**Operations Staff**
Danruk the bouncy Kangaroo, (mundanely known as Matt Adey) makes yet another journey to the convention known as Anthrocon. As his usual tradition he is assisting with Con Staff duties but shouldn't be too busy to hope to enjoy some of the finer elements of what AC 2004 has to offer. Danruk wishes to encourage everyone to have a good fun time whether it be Art Show or Auction or just hanging around the "Zoo" or whatever. Hug a kangaroo if you see one bouncing down the hallway!

**Bob Allen (Rasslor)**
**Operations Staff**
Rasslor is a hard-working doctoral candidate bear who rarely has time to socialize, much less fly to a whole other state. So if you see him, say hello, be kind, and remind him he still has a paper to write.

**Andrian**
**Art Show Staff**
Andrian is a writer above all else. His first love has always been the written word and he feels honored every time he makes it into print. He's been published in "Yerf!," "Anthrolations," and on Wildviolet.com's premier issue.

**Tara A. (Maune) Bassette**
**Art Show Staff**
Though Tara has attended anthropomorphic conventions since Confurence East 1995, she's been writing stories since the age of five. She has several anthropomorphic stories published in Paw Prints, Ever-Changing Palace, and the Anthrocon 1999 Conbook. Currently she works in Human Resources, where she'll never lack for new characters with the wondrous variety of people she interacts with daily.

**Tony Bassette Jr.**
**Art Show Staff**
Tony, furry fan from the days of "Captain Carrot and the Zoo Crew," discovered furry-cons 10+ years ago. For longer he has been encouraging and aiding others in developing their talents, running classes in problem solving, creativity, and having fun. He also does storytelling, crafts, games, and children's activities.

**Michael Bellinger (Gadgets)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
No stranger to Security, Michael once did the same job for the Air Force before being inducted by the DI in 1999. (Difference? Now no nukes!). Introduced to Furry Fandom by Heather Bruton and Michele Light, he uses his job benny's as an airline employee to attend cons worldwide with his sweetheart Dawn. Ask to see his latest tech toy!

**Vicki Borah Bloom**
**RPG Track Advisor**
Vicki "Bumblebee" Borah Bloom is a gamer, a costumer, a lover of life, coauthor of the World Tree RPG, a maker of T-shirts, and a genuine Nice Girl (TM). She has not had a good night's sleep in nearly a year. Vicki is proudly raising the next generation of furry fandom by dressing her 9 month old son Rhys in diapers with tails attached, taking him to conventions, and trying to teach him to meow.

**Tom Brady (Duncan da Husky)**
**Operations Staff**
Tom is a chemical engineer by day and a SMOFF-in-training in his spare time. In addition to working with Operations at Anthrocon, he has run registration for Midwest FurFest 2001, 2002, 2003, and has signed on for 2004 as well. Sleep is for the weak!

**Scott Brainard (Nrasser)**
**Videography**
The elusive tech-leopard. Can occasionally be lured out of the shadows by new blinky-beepy.

**Dawn Braun (Pixie)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Hi, I began getting involved in furry fandom some odd 12 years ago with my best-est friend Michele Light (whom you all know and love *giggle*) I earn my living in the Biotech world of Research and Development for the Toxicology department. I have a six year old son named Kyle and am crazy in Love with a DI member -

Michael Bellinger. (^_^) That's my life!

**Capricia Bruns**
**Art Show Staff**
Capricia lives in Florida where she does tech support for a national telephone company. Her hobbies include the SCA, writing, drawing, MU*ing, and various arts and crafts. She is married to a fellow furry, Perry Bruns.

**Patrick Casey (Nemet)**
**Dealer Room Staff**
I'll Explain Later.

**Luciano Ciccone (Cnipur)**
**Operations Staff**
Hey! This is my second year attending, and staffing Anthrocon! I'm an anthro-dolphin. :) I'm extremely outgoing, and friendly, so if you see me wandering, feel free to say hi! I hope you all have a great time!

**Chris Clayton (Chris)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I've been going to science fiction conventions ever since I found out they existed, and a member of the Dorsai Irregulars for just a couple of years less than that. When I'm not at a con, I try to do engineering at Ford, parenting at home, and reading anywhere at all. I used to jump out of perfectly good airplanes

**Kathleen Cogswell (Kathy)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**

**John Cole (KP)**
**Programming Co-Director**
Originally hailing from the city of Houston, John currently resides in Orlando, Florida. He regularly does puppeteering and character work at an Orlando area charity for seriously ill children. John is also one of the cast members of the Funday Pawpet Show. He has been the programming director for Megaplex for the last 3 years.

**Sam Conway (Grandpa Kage)**
**Operations Staff**
The chairman's respected father. Former US Army drill instructor masquerading as a quiet Southern gentleman. Knows Grandma Kage's secret identity.

**Dr. Samuel Conway ("Uncle Kage")**
**Chairman**
A scientist and entertainer who somehow became chairman of Anthrocon, possibly through being absent from a key meeting. Known in the fandom as an author of anthropomorphic fiction and from his stage performance, "Uncle Kage's Story Hour."

**Wilma Conway (Grandma Kage)**
**Operations Staff**
The chairman's dear and sainted mother. Don't mess with her — she'll take you over her knee in a heartbeat.

**Robert Cook (Fritzie)**
**A/V Staff**
'Bio': Just your average GSD.. Only big, and likes to chase his tennis balls through cities. Don't worry though... He's fairly harmless. Give him a bellyrub, and you'll have a friend for life!

**creature**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**

**DataHawk**
**Dealer Room Staff**
DataHawk is a founding member of LAFF. She spends most of her time at Chicago Wolves hockey games, at Concerts, or helping run wonderful, fantastic conventions! This is her second year on staff and her third overall Anthrocon, and she hopes to attend for years to come.

**Candy Dewalt (Vinci)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Known online as either Trixi, a notcute lop rabbit, or Vinci, a notfruit raccoon, Candy has been causing troubl—er, attending Anthrocon since '99. Her hobbies include dreaming up awful puns, obsessing over fluffernutters, and cartooning fuzzy animals who eat donuts. She has been married to Ryan "Tet Solfire" Dewalt for a whole two weeks, cripes, what old-timers! :) Candy would like to apologize in advance for her "squeaktoy" laughter.

**Ryan Dewalt (Tet Solfire)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Programmer and hack-writer, I've been in the fandom for longer than I think I can admit without a jury trial.

As of AC, I'll have been married a glorious two weeks! Yay! I co-conspire along in the Vinci & Arty webcomic with my wife, as well as code and host quite an array of other sites, such as the Jack comic, YNA, and kittenbreak.com

**Jon Pimble (Digit)**
**Publishing Staff**
Mostly harmless.

**W. Michael Dooley (Wolfie DarkWolfie)**
**Publishing Staff**
Wolfie, CEO of Wolfie's Pack Productions, is an artist/singer/writer from Massachusetts. He's been on the AC Conbook staff for three years and has a few publishing credits as well. He's very huggable. He still likes cheese.

**Patrick Dowden (Mach Stormrunner)**
**Operations Manager**
Mach.. IS. You'll find him in con-ops, or running at top speed somewhere to do something very important. Or not.. Or dancing.. Or doing martial arts, or Partying tail off.. Say HI, he's friendly and doesn't bite.. much.

**Bill Dyer (Shrink)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I've been involved in Science Fiction fandom since the late 1970s. I have a strong interest in costumes and photography of costumes and have been the official photographer for WisCon and MediaWest Con in the past. I've also worked security and helped in con art shows. When not at conventions, I work as a psychologist and relax with weightlifting, photography, and reading.

**J. Scotty Emerle (Windsinger)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Art Director specializing in Electronic Media. Deadly with a railgun. Can build command posts in seconds while defending a power node.

**Marty Fabish (Silk)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Marty Coady Fabish ("Silk") attended her first SF convention in 1974. Less than a year later, she was living the dazzling, glamorous life of a Dorsai Irregular, sleeping on floors and getting cropped out of photos in Time Magazine. Her interests these days include songwriting, vintage Japanese kimono, and a relentless ongoing quest for the recipe with too much chocolate. This is her first Anthrocon.

**Falbert**
**Art Show Staff**
Falbert - a.k.a "Kilty Kitty" is from northern Maine, and usually plays one of the natives from that area, a Maine Coon Cat.

**Dale Farmer**
**Art Show Staff**
Dale has been volunteering at science fiction conventions since 1979, in many capacities. Currently he is assistant technical director for Noreascon 4, the World Science Fiction Convention. In his spare time he volunteers at folk festivals and as ground crew for the Energizer Bunny hot air balloon.

**Sharon Ferraro (Spike)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Started out in fandom as a Trekkie in 1973 and quickly graduated to running conventions, specializing in organizing local gofers with an experienced flying squad of officers. Joined the Dorsai in September 1975. Since then, I have raised two sons, pursued a masters degree in historic preservation, and currently work as the preservation coordinator for Kalamazoo, MI. My hobbies are quilting and competitive power lifting.

**Fluxxx**
**Art Show Staff**
A cataur, basically a marmalade tabby, a mere four feet tall, another foot added by his caracal style tufted ears, and standing on oversized footpaws, his long tail trailing a lion like tuft in the same orange as his stripes.

**Carol Gobeyn (Carol)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I attended my first convention in 1975. I have been a fan ever since. Even a recent move to Louisiana from the wilds of Upstate New York has not stopped my fannish activity. Along with my husband, Rene, we have raised four beautiful daughters, several of whom also are active fans and Dorsai.

**Rene Gobeyn (Renegade D.I.)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I've been active in S.F. fandom since 1975. I was inducted in the Dorsai in 1977 with my wife Carol, and haven't looked back since. A recent move to New Orleans and new job requirements forced me to step down from the presidency to the position of Contract Officer for the organization. Anthrocon is now my favorite convention.

**Samantha Gobeyn (Sam)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
My parents have been involved in fandom all of my life. So as an effect of that I've been attending cons since I was six weeks old. I tend to run errends for the DI, as a gofer. So if you see me running around, most likely I'm doing something for the DI working.

**Bowen Goletz (Cheetah)**
**Video Production**
Cheetah operates Neofelis Communications to provide quality video production facilities and also involve individuals interested in production that might otherwise not have the chance to do so. His background covers over a decade of broadcast production and engineering experience from public service to commercial broadcasters. Other interests include costuming, climbing, and warm sunny spots to nap in.

**Marnie Gucciard (Marnie)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Marnie is Treasurer for Capricon in Chicago, an active member of MidFan, and helping out with Windycon. Outside of running conventions she is also getting her Masters in Accountancy at night and trying to find time to get back to her stained glass work. If you're looking for a fourth for Euchre, see if she's off-duty!

**Mike Gucciard (Gooch)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Mike is a Senior Technical Architect for SBC by day, IT Director for Phandemonium (the organization that runs Capricon in Chicago) by night. All computers seem to obey the "ten foot rule" around him. His first convention was Windycon (in Chicago), about ten years ago. If you tell him to "Go fly a kite!" he probably will. And if he does, you should watch, especially if it's nighttime.

**Joanne Hall (Jo)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I've been an SF fan for many years (since 1978), and in the last two decades have become very active in the running of artshows at cons, from small shows to Worldcon-sized ones. Everything from clerical jobs, to physical set-up, to auctions, to security (often with the Dorsai Irregulars); all duties that I've become very familiar with. I'm most likely to be found in the artshow, working, schmoozing, or most often both at the same time.

**John Hall (Bear)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
John Hall, better known as "Bear," has been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1988. He is a Director of that organization, and is the publisher of their newsletter. He has been active in science fiction convention fandom since 1976. As an art auctioneer he has worked many conventions, including four World Science Fiction Conventions. His introduction to anthropomorphic fandom was at Anthrocon in 2002.

**Brian Harris (Rigel)**
**Charity Auction Director/Masquerade Director**
Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has run the Anthrocon Charity Auction for seven years, the Masquerade for six years, and this will be his fourth year as DJ.

**Dan R. Hauschild (Takaza J. Wolf)**
**Newsletter Staff**
A mild mannered reporter for Anthrocon, there are things that you wouldn't find weird in someone like Dan. If you do find something weird, please let him know as he's looking for it. In the times that he isn't working on running Midwest FurFest (that's November 19th-21st, 2004, folks), Dan works making numbers his biotch for a huge spinning globe that will come down and crush the world.

**Matt Henry (Cutter McCoy)**
**Dealer Room Staff**
A fandom fixture since 1994, Cutter McCoy works by day as a college educator, and by night as a graduate

student, finishing a second masters level degree. Within the fandom, he has drawn, written, staffed various conventions, operated a small press distribution business, and published several comics and fanzines. In his spare time, he perpetually procrastinates on a return to comic publishing with the relaunch of Milikardo Knights (http://www.steelbadger.com/milikardo.html).

**Steve Hopps (Simba Lion)**
**A/V Staff**
I found the furry fandom back in 1994. I've always had a desire to help make things happen from behind the scenes, which is how Triggur convinced me to sign my soul over to this convention. It should also be noted, that Kanu had nothing to do with that.

**Elizabeth Huffman (EVIL)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I've been involved in Fandom in varying degrees for 21 years. I have actively worked on conventions from Toronto to San Antonio, being on as many as six committees a year (I've gotten better...now it's only 3). I was inducted into the Dorsai Irregulars 13 years ago, quickly earning the moniker of Evil. As a member of this group, I travel all over offering our services as a trained FANISH team.

**BJ Hughes (SK-1)**
**Masquerade MC**
BJ Hughes (a.k.a. SK-1) has been performing mascot characters since 1988. His client list includes theme parks, radio and television stations, stage shows, and professional sports teams. He has also built and performed puppets and costumed characters for children's TV shows in the Washington, DC area, and some in-development television pilots. SK-1 returns to AC2004 for his sixth consecutive year as EmCee of the Masquerade.

**Diana Hunt**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Raised on Andre Norton and Robert Heinlein; my family pretty much worked through all the science fiction books the local library owned. Have always been curious about what it is like to be anyone but me. Have spent a lot of work-time as a peripatetic paraprofessional and am, or have been, a paramedic, psychologist, teacher, minister. Have travelled a fair bit. Have studied many languages but am really fluent only in English. I have always wanted a fluffy tail.

**JBadger**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
This will be JBadger's second year on staff for Anthrocon. JBadger, a collector of furry artwork and APAs for over 15 years.

**Chris Johnson (Jinxtigr)**
**Costuming/Puppet Track Advisor**
Chris began making costume tails back at Albany Anthrocon. He's since done plastic-canvas head construction, played lead guitar in honor of Kage on the Anthrocon stage, loved and lost and found and worked really hard and secretly teased Groat- and lived ;)

**Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)**
**Publications Director**
Stranger things have happened. I'll probably get blamed for them.

**Kevin Kane (Leo)**
**Registration Staff/Videography**
Leo has been fond of lions since his youth, and involved in the fandom since 1999. In real life he is pursuing is doctorate in computer science, as well as hobbies in bodybuilding and fitness, costuming, and recently, amateur radio. He enjoys the socializing online and at conventions, and will be helping both with registration and video production at Anthrocon this year.

**Kevin Kelm (Triggur)**
**A/V Director**
He's just this hoss, you know?

**Susan Kershaw**
**Operations Staff**
I am the wife of Kage's Uncle. I think my husband is kind of weird, but he loves and cares for me and for our little black kitty 'Sara', aka "Ms. Skitty' aka 'Skitty-Ditty'...you get the idea! Last year was our first furry convention and we had more fun than we thought possible. Furries really are a fun group — hope to see you all there!

**Thomas Kershaw**
**Operations Staff**
I am the uncle of Uncle Kage; I am also the brother of Grandma Kage. You figure it out! I enjoyed my visit to last year's Anthrocon a great deal, possibly because I think I like animals much more than I like most people. If you are a people I will try not to hold it against you — unless you are one of those crazy sports fanatics...

**Robert King**
**Dealer Room Staff**
Married with two kids, yet active in the fandom for about 20 years, Robert started the Furry track at Duckon and founded Midwest FurFest. He currently runs the FVS at MFF and he still occasionally makes fursuits. Hopefully, all this will qualify him to work in the Dealers room.

**Tina Klein-Lebbink (Tina)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
I have been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1994, and long time member of the Canadian art show group, "The team eh?" I have attended Conifur, a northwest furry con, for the last couple of years and have had a blast (and sold my art work). I am really looking forward to attending Anthrocon as I have heard many fabulous things about it. Furries rule O.K.

**Simon Leet (Decker)**
**Operations Manager**
Summer warmth brings cats
Planning world domination
Out to Anthrocon

**Paul Lester (Linnaeus)**
**Newsletter Staff**
Linnaeus is revered by the children of Sweden as the "prince of flowers," at least if Google is to be believed. He has been on Midwest Furfest's staff since 2000, and this will be his second year helping out with Anthrocon's newsletter.

**Donna Long (Moonfall, D.I.)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Volunteering seems to be an incurable disease, I've never managed to just attend a con. There is always something that needs to be done. Being a Dorsai Irregular has only made it certain that the disease is for a lifetime.

**Eric Long (Rhonin, D.I.)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Dorsai Irregular and a resident of Phoenix (yes, it is a dry heat, but when it's 110 it's just plain hot), I seem to have this habit of attending cons east of the Mississippi - about 80% of them over the last eight years.

**Jim Martin (Jim)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**

**Tracy Martin (Tracy)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**

**Ellen McMicking (Blade, D.I.)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Blade dabbles in everything from short story writing, glass etching and filk composition to convention logistics, airframe construction and charity fundraising. According to her mother, her middle name is "Cheese." (Although she's thinking of changing it to "Chocolate." "Singlemalt" is also a good option.) When off-duty, Blade has a sense of fun which takes randomness to a high artform — the sky on her world is paisley; you have been warned.

**Phaedra Meyer (Wyldekyttin)**
**Dealer Room Director**
Director of the Anthrocon Dealers' Room, whose voice upon the public address system can soothe the most savage beast.

**Karl F. Meyers**
**Art Show Staff**
Karl has been in fandom, of one sort or another, almost all his life. He enjoys writing and storytelling, and has had a number of stories published. A veteran of AC's Art Show staff, he has also helped with programming at Further Confusion, and is the chairman of Megaplex.

**Tim Mithee (Jazz the Bunny)**
**Dealer Room Staff**
There's only one loungylop. This is him. Known in some circles as a cowboy of the con suite, this year finds Mr. The Rabbit at AC, in the dealer's room, hopefully not sleeping too much on the job or otherwise distracted.

**Michael Moore (Butterscotch)**
**Dealer Room Staff**
Butterscotch is a very friendly vixen from central Illinois. Returning to AC for the third year in a row, she can be found chatting with friends, or helping out in the Dealer's Room. Don't be afraid to say "Hi" to her. She only bites if you want her to...

**Cynthia Moreno (Maewest)**
**Hospitality**
Well, they got me to help again. Need I say more?

**Douglas Muth (Giza)**
**Operations Director**
Giza is back for another year of working in Con Ops. When not at Anthrocon, he can be found working as a Software Engineer in the Philly suburbs, working out at the gym, and hanging out with other spottycats on FurryMUCK.

**George Nemeyer (Tigerwolf)**
**Internet Room Director**
Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, web and muck hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities.

**PeterCat**
**Art Show Director**
Intrigued by the late-80s CBS series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. On the Internet, he created the Furry InfoPage (http://www.tigerden.com/infopage/ ) and maintains the Furry Anime List and Rhal's Handy List of Furry MU*s.

**Mike Pierce (Mrianti)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Just your average middle aged furry and Fursuiter : )

**Phil Pollard (Bennie)**
**Registration Director/Media Relations**
#!/usr/big/tig -e "Bennie resides in greater Philadelphia and is one of the 5 remaining lifetime members of Anthrocon. Along with handling media relations, the website and other tech support for the convention, Bennie has agreed to take the reins for registration this year. Unbeknownst to him, this action means, that according to his contract, everything is officially his fault. He performs with the Bucks County Symphony Orchestra, writes for the APA Megamorphics, and runs macrophile.com.";

**Michael Pritchard (Brophey)**
**Operations Staff**
A systems engineer by day and a big, beer swilling wolf by night, Brophey loves to see friends and help out. He's friendly, say hi to him when you see him!

**Puc**
**Registration Staff**
I'm a poor college student tiger. I'm so poor I'll probably be dicing up the conbook to make a salad out of later. Feed me. Mew.

**Susan Rankin (SusanDeer)**
**Programming Co-Director**
Susan is a 5-year veteran to the position of Programming Director and, this year, she's hanging up her hat. She hopes you've had fun and is confident that Programming will continue to thrive in the future. There have been some bumpy spots in the road... misunderstandings to smooth out, rumors to dispel, but such is the way of things. Her plans now are to concentrate more on her comic strip at Doemain.com and build a career in illustration, animation, stage design, voice acting, sky diving, mud wrestling, and harvesting monkey giblets for fun and profit.

**Patrick Reed (Furp)**
**Operations Staff**
A crazy man who just can't quite work up the good sense to say no. The result being that he volunteers on staff for WAY too many conventions and has effectively sold his soul. Can't sleep, con will eat me...

**David Roach (Dave Roach)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Polymath, computer engineer, and incorrigible punster. Do not incorrige.

**J. Scott Rogers ("Dr. Skorzy")**
**Art Show Staff**
A molecular biomedical research scientist who also

volunteers as an emergency service radio communicator for Central Massachusetts. He's an Assistant Editor for Sofawolf Press and has written some anthropomorphic fiction when Emmy, his Boa constrictor, isn't wrapped around his head; though it has been suggested it improves his writing a great deal.

**Ray Rooney**
**Video Room Staff**
Old furt. Part of the first wave back in the dark times. C/FO, anime, small press, days. Got into "organized" fandom in early 80s and dabbled in fanzines and cons. Held the first "furry party" on the East Coast in '88 which led to Furtasticon, CFEast, and finally, Anthrocon growing here in the East. (We're even at the same hotel as that first party.)

**Erika Leigh Rosengarten**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Erika has been working with Anthrocon since 2000. She's a graphic artist from Long Island, New York and occasionally a silly puppy for children of all ages. You can view her work at www.mynameis.org.

**Rustitobuck**
**Video Production**
The science of life and of living organisms... oh, you said *biography*. Shaggy, mythical creature, often found tangled in a technological jungle in a dark room somewhere. When he closes his eyes, he dreams of the sun filtering through the leaves in a peaceful forest. Hide your lunch, he's hungry.

**Derek Sailor (ZenWolph)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Born and raised in North Central Indiana, ZenWolph first found the online furry community in the spring of 1997. Since then he has attended over twenty furry conventions, this being his seventh Anthrocon, and many other meets in the Mid-Atlantic area of the east coast. His many hobbies include biking, urban exploring, digital photography, and videography.

**Will A. Sanborn**
**Art Show Assistant Director**
As a carbon-based life form, Will is efficient at converting oxygen to carbon-dioxide. He works as a hardware-design engineer, in the embedded-systems arena, and in his spare time occasionally writes works of creative fiction. His other interests include cross-country skiing, hiking, riding extreme roller-coasters, and home video production.

**Kristopher Schnee (Kris)**
**Publishing Staff**
Kris Schnee is an MIT graduate heading to UVa Law this fall. He has recently trained parrots, cleaned bear dens, taught, driven cross-country, and learned to dive. He aims to be a Famous Writer, and is building an artificial intelligence as a hobby.

**Sandy Schreiber**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Sandy's first cartoons were drawn on the liner pages of such notable books as 'Are You My Mother?' and 'Hop on Pop'. Being five years old at the time, she enlisted the aid of her father to fill in the word balloons for her characters' dialogue. Times change; Sandy now fills in her own word balloons for the cartoons she draws in the liner pages of 'Hop on Pop'.

**Mark Shapiro (Galen)**
**Operations Staff**
Galen has attended well over a dozen furry cons, and is returning for his third year on staff at AC - he must be a glutton for punishment. Interests include role playing games (including Ironclaw), fursuiting, and other assorted furry goodness. He has ten more words to use. Now three. One.

**ShiroTora**
**Art Show Staff**
ShiroTora AKA James Eden was born June 7th, 1974 and as of this writing is not dead yet. He dabbles in amusing buttons, face painting, anthropomorphic "photography," and writes furotic stories that he records on audio CDs available at cons or by postal mail or e-mail james_m_eden@hotmail.com.

**Simtra Firefox**
**Art Show Staff**
Simtra found furrydom in 1988 on an old Apple BBS and rediscovered it in 1993 when someone showed him a furry portfolio. He works as a programmer in Jacksonville, Florida and just bought a farm in the Gainesville area. He has been going to Anthrocon since 1997.

**Steve Simmons (Sgt. Steve)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
Sgt. Steve' Simmons has been an active fan for nearly 35 years and a member of the Dorsai Irregulars for nearly 25. In that time he's probably participated in every fannish activity there is except publish a fanzine and get onto the Langston chart. He doesn't plan to do either.

**TJ Sittner (AlaskanWolf)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade Staff**
Woof! White wolf into suiting.

**Louisa Smith (Itara)**
**A/V Staff**
Louisa "Itara" Smith is a theatre major at Penn State University. She also draws stuff.

**Smrgol**
**Art Show Staff**
Smrgol "found furry" about six years ago, and jumped in with both hooves. While the Kirin doesn't consider himself an artist, his work graced Suburban Jungle as filler strips on two occasions. Usually he can be found online in alt.lifestyle.furry or occasionally in IRC chats.

**Kari Snyder (Kari Snyder)**
**Operations Staff**
Kari Snyder makes her second visit to Anthrocon this year. She returns to join her ne'er-do-well kangaroo cohort, "Danruk," in a nefarious plot to destroy the good name of Anthrocon by secretly handing out Oreos to sugggestible hyperactive fox types. Then she'll play innocent when Kagemushi is drowned in a sea of yapping vulpine furs during his story hour.

**Stahi**
**Registration Staff**
Beware! For I'm the 51st most feared person in the fandom! Uhh.. right. Actually, I'm just some idiot panther from Annapolis, MD who got started in the Furry Fandom thanks to TLKMUCK. Joy of joys, eh? And don't worry, while I look intimidating, I won't hurt you THAT much.

**David Stein (David M. Stein, D.I.)**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
David has been attending conventions since 1978 and isn't sure why. He's been married to the lovely and talented artist Diana Harlan Stein. He's the father of the lovely and talented Sabrina Fathom Stein. He knows how to drive a tank, juggle, SCUBA dive, make birds sleep, and is winner of the 1947 Nobel Prize for Cheese.

**Joseph Stockman (Uncle Vlad)**
**Dealer Room Staff**
Uncle Vlad is complicated. Find him and talk to him if you need more information.

**Jesse Stringer (Tango)**
**Charity Auction/Masquerade/Operations Staff**
Tango is back for his fourth AC and is ever-willing to help out. Look for this husky-wolf aiding the Masquerade and Charity Auction, or behind the registers in Artists' Alley. He still doesn't dance well, but he wields a mean astrojax when he's bored, and he's got one that blinks.

**Josh Strom**
**Co-Video Game Advisor**
Josh has been around in the fandom for years, and in the video game industry on and off for three years. He's been running DDR at Anthrocon for the past several years, and is now helping with the video gaming track. Known to move around, he's looking to be moving again this year either from Orlando to Tampa again, or to Philadelphia.

**Jessie Tracer**
**Video Game Advisor/Publishing Staff**
There once was a tiger named Jess
Whose music and prose could impress
She loved a small bunny
And liked to be funny
But never did learn how to rhyme.
(Jessie has composed nearly three electronic music albums and nearly three GameBoy Advance game soundtracks. She and Kristy were wed last year, not too long after AC2K3. And yes, she used to be a 'roo.)

**Kristy Tracer**
**Writer's Track Advisor**
Anthropomorphs. Buni! Computers. DEVO. Existentialism. Furries. Gender theory. Humanism. Illuminatus! Jessie. KALLISTI. Linguistics. Modernism. Null Manifesto. Objectivism.

Posthumanism. Qiti! Role-playing. Stories. Transformation. Utopia. Viridian. Writing. Xenophilia. Yacatisma. Zoomorphs.

**James Walton**
**Dorsai Irregulars**
James became a Science Fiction fan very early when, at the age of 2, he watched the movie *Invaders From Mars*. He discovered Science Fiction fandom several years later. James enjoys reading, attending conventions, computer gaming, and drinking good beer. Occasionally, when the mood strikes him, James publishes a fanzine.

**Mel White**
**Dorsai**
AKA FurryMuck wizard K'has.

**Jason Williams (Darkclaw)**
**Internet Room Staff**
In November 1996, I came on-line – three months later found FurryMUCK and became self-aware. I've worked in the publishing business for 13 years, travelled the world, and settled into a lazy life of work, rest, and furr. I love my Home Cinema setup, crave junk food, and lust after better PCs.

**Dave Wilson (T'Chall)**
**Operations Staff**
T'Chall's a fox who made his first appearance on FurryMUCK way back in '95. A long time fan of the classic Warner Brothers, MGM, and Disney cartoons, joining a world of funny animals was just a natural for him. Rumors of his fondness for shrinking potions are absolutely true.

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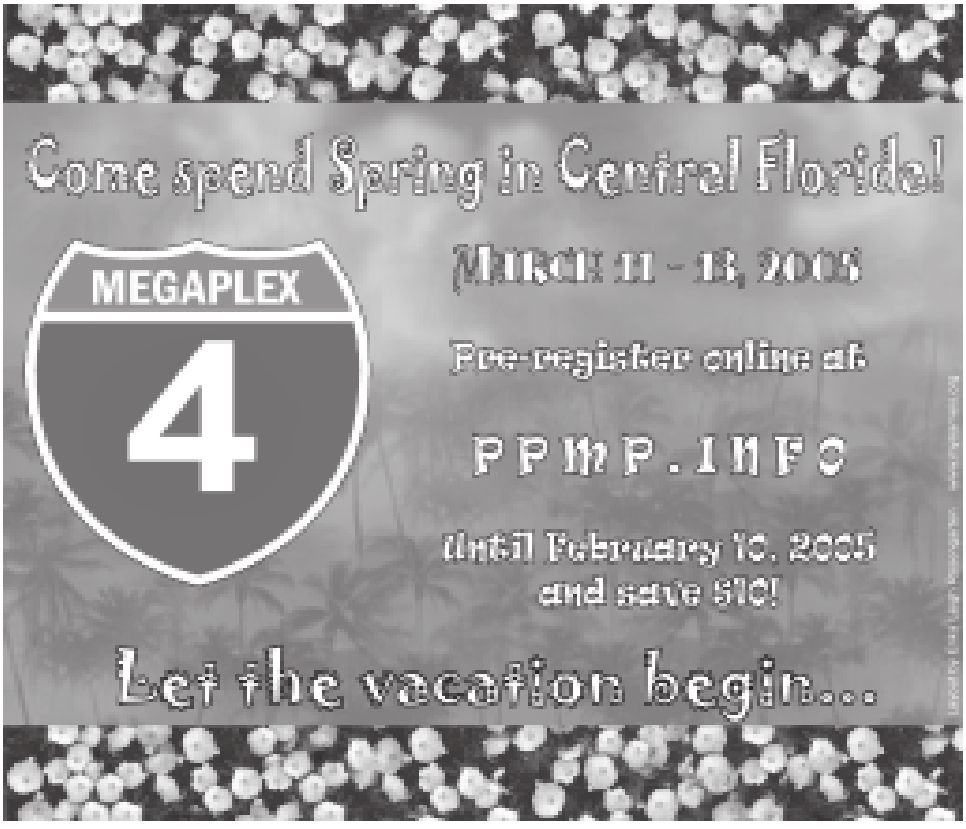


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# ANTHROCON 2005

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*Saluting*

## "HEROES"

**Heroes come in all shapes, all sizes, all fur patterns. Some of them wear masks and capes, while others wear bunker gear or fatigues or gleaming badges. Still others have nothing to show their heroism; they are everyday people who are called upon to perform extraordinary deeds. It is to all the heroes out there, both those that we create in our imagination and those who stand beside us, that Anthrocon offers a heartfelt salute.**

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Anthrocon

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# Closing Credits

Anthrocon is the result of the time and effort of our many dedicated staff members and volunteers. Working together as a team, we've continued to grow year after year. Hopefully we've made your weekend at Anthrocon an enjoyable and memorable one.

This conbook would not have been possible without the help of many people. There is a lot that goes on behind the scenes to make it happen: Scanning in artwork, organizing release forms, collecting staff bios, and answering the seemingly endless stream of e-mail.

We appreciate the help of the many talented artists and writers who donated artwork and stories for publication, for without it, there would not be a conbook at all. To the artists and writers whose material we were unable to use, we sincerely apologize.

I would like to thank our staff artists and writers for providing us with additional themed content, as well as the editors who spent hours reading and proofing the material we received. The following members of our publishing staff should be recognized for their efforts in getting the conbook published:

W. Michael Dooley (Wolfie DarkWolfie) – Staff Artist
Jon Pimble (Digit) – Editor
Kris Schnee – Staff Writer, Editor
Jessie Tracer – Graphic Design, Editor

I would also like to extend sincere thanks to Jonah Safar (Points). His experience and helpful advice over the past year made my transition to Publications Director a smooth one.

As Anthrocon and the fandom continues to grow in the future, we will strive to continually improve. Please let us know what you liked—or what you didn't. Your feedback is always important to us.

On behalf of the Anthrocon 2004 publishing staff, we look forward to working with you all when we go for the gold next year.

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)
Publications Director, Anthrocon Press Services

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